HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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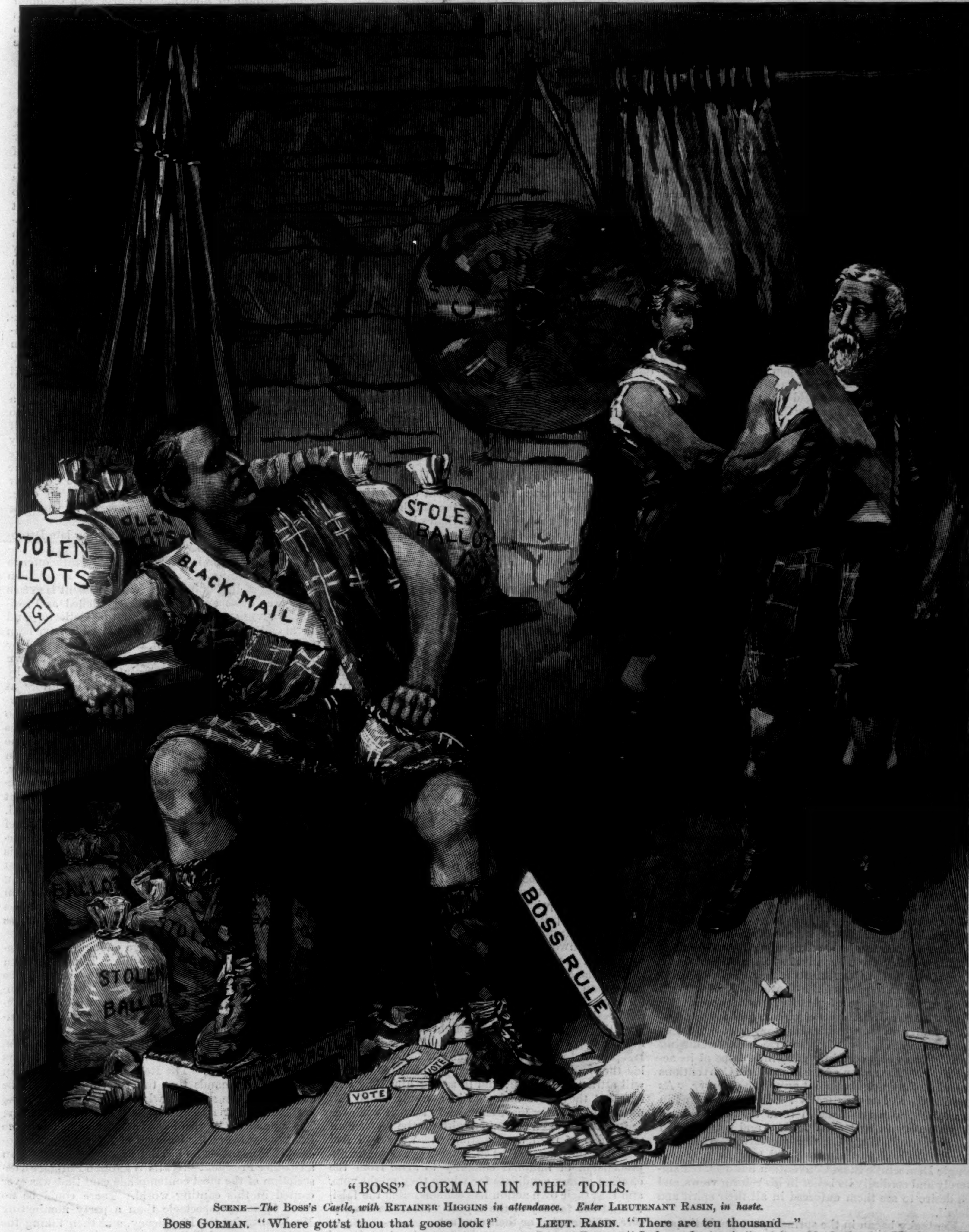
STOLEN BALLOTS
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BOSS RULE
VOTE
VOTE

"BOSS" GORMAN IN THE TOILS.

SCENE—*The* BOSS'S *Castle, with* RETAINER HIGGINS *in attendance.* *Enter* LIEUTENANT RASIN, *in haste.*

BOSS GORMAN. "Where gott'st thou that goose look?"
LIEUT. RASIN. "There are ten thousand—"
BOSS GORMAN. "Geese, villain?"
LIEUT. RASIN. "*Independents*, sir."—*After Macbeth, Act V., Scene III.*

"The best paper for boys and girls."—*Boston Journal.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for October 11th opens with an engraving by JUENGLING *after a drawing by* DOLPH. *It is called "A Tea Party."*

The principal illustration is a drawing by F. S. CHURCH *to accompany a poem entitled*

"A SILVER SLOOP IN THE SKY,"

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

The story of "Picco" is concluded in this number; and "Derrick Sterling" is continued.

"One Good Turn Deserves Another" is one of HOWARD PYLE'S *popular fairy tales, with five illustrations by the author.*

The early struggles of RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, *the inventor of the spinning-frame, are related by* GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE *in one of his "Heroes and Martyrs of Invention" Series.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE State Conventions of the Administration party have now been held. They are the last before the opening of the Presidential campaign, and it is therefore possible to see the general position of the Democratic party. A survey of the declarations of its various Conventions shows its consciousness that the Administration has dissipated the fear of general disaster as the result of Democratic ascendency. That is one very important point gained. The party heartily approves the public land policy of the Administration. It is generally agreed upon a diminution of the surplus by a revision of the tariff, except that the Pennsylvania Democrats would add reduction of internal taxation, so that Speaker CARLISLE regards the Pennsylvania platform upon this subject as evasive and unmeaning. Upon the temperance question the party says very little, and that little as vaguely as possible, because it cannot venture to alienate the support of the liquor interest. The land policy and opposition to "sumptuary laws" are the main points of agreement thus far. The general concert upon tariff revision being disturbed by the Pennsylvania opposition, and Mr. RANDALL and his friends being in full communion with the party, reduction of the surplus by tariff revision, although it will be probably attempted, cannot fairly be called the policy of the party. Besides these declarations there is the usual buncombe about sympathy with the oppressed, especially, of course, the Irish, who cast a large vote in this country.

The point of most interest to the Democratic party under this Administration, however, as shown by the history of more than two years and a half, is not the tariff, nor temperance, nor the land, nor pensions, nor monopolies, nor oppressed nationalities, but reform in the civil service. This is the question upon which the course of the President has excited universal attention. It was his known views upon this subject which, despite his party, gained for him the independent vote, without which his election would have been impossible. It is these views and his proved courage and independence which have won for him a public confidence quite beyond the line of his party, and hearty support of those views by his party would have greatly chilled the hopes of Republican restoration. But that such support was anticipated by the friends of reform is not probable. The course of the Republican party, which had every conceivable inducement to identify itself with reform, and had failed, had shown the improbability that any old party would deal effectually with the new issue. The votes of independent Republicans were withheld from Mr. BLAINE not because he cared nothing for reform, but because of his personal conduct while in office. They were given to Mr. CLEVELAND rather than to a third candidate both to prevent the disaster of Mr. BLAINE'S election, and because of personal confidence in Mr. CLEVELAND. Under these circumstances the greatest opportunity in our political history was offered to the Democratic party, whose course, however, during twenty-five years certainly gave little hope of its acceptance. The action of the Democratic Conventions therefore does not disappoint any close observer. As the President has practically received no support in his reform views and action from the Senators and Representatives and chief leaders and managers of his party, so its State Conventions have revealed distinctly the real party feeling and tendency. Not a single Democratic State Convention has declared sincerely and cordially its belief in his reform views, and its desire to see them enforced in all their spirit and detail.

Kentucky began in the spring by an emphatic protest. Ohio was silent. Pennsylvania said nothing. Iowa said, daringly, "The civil service of the country has been placed upon a business basis, and Federal officials no longer neglect the duties of their office for the manipulation of party politics." Maryland declared for the spoils system. Massachusetts vociferously echoed the demand; and finally New York, while saying that it would uphold the law, which it evidently did not like, but which the President is bound by his oath to enforce, approved its submission to the popular vote, thus practically renouncing it as the policy of the party. The tone of every Convention is unmistakable. The President, indeed, is warmly praised in general. This was inevitable, because Democratic denunciation of their own Administration would be the confession of the incapacity which the Republicans allege. But nevertheless they will not suffer it to be supposed that they approve or sustain this particular whim of the Executive. The Democratic party has thus practically rejected the reform views of the President, and given fair warning that it does not invite votes as a party of reform. There are indeed Democrats who agree with the President and deplore the party conduct. But they cannot in general control the party, and they do not represent it, as the Republican friends of reform do not control or represent the Republican party. The President, indeed, will be renominated, because of the universal party consciousness that no other Democrat could be elected, which in itself is significant of the fact that the party alone could not elect a President. While thus circumstances will compel the nomination of the candidate of the Democratic reformers, the Republican reformers will probably be totally unable to control the nomination of any candidate who is honestly a friend of reform. While thus it is clear that neither party is in any fair sense a reform party, it is equally clear that there is great general confidence in the President, that the reform sentiment is rapidly extending in the country, and that the chief desire of all good citizens is that the government shall be honestly and economically administered. They are not deeply interested in the snubbing of Governor FORAKER, they do not believe that Mr. CLEVELAND is an enemy of Union soldiers, nor do they wish to maintain a vast fund in the form of a Treasury surplus to derange business and to corrupt politics. Every sign foreshows a great deal of independent thinking and voting in the general election of next year.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

IT is many years since a President of the United States has made a tour through the Southern States, and it is many years since those States have cared to see a President. But the singular good fortune which has seemed to attend the country in all great emergencies, and which was signally illustrated in the Presidency of Mr. LINCOLN during the war, appears in the fact that Mr. CLEVELAND is the President who, after the bitter sectional controversy of a generation, again represents to the Southern States the national Union. Intelligent men in those States, despite the angry passions of war, must always have felt the simple honesty and sincerity of Mr. LINCOLN, and his total freedom from any malignant hostility. He discharged faithfully a most solemn and painful duty, but without acrimony, or passion, or the least personal ambition. The same earnest fidelity to duty, the same generous sympathy and patriotic candor, which distinguished President LINCOLN characterize also his successor. He is not a mere partisan. He was elected not exclusively by a party vote. He was supported by many of the truest and most disinterested and most efficient friends and supporters of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and he has shown in his administration that he is not unmindful of that fact.

In a high and agreeable sense, therefore, Mr. CLEVELAND appears in the Southern States as a patriot President. He was not a Copperhead of the war, nor would he be as welcome if he had been. He is not, in the old-fashioned sense, a Northern man with Southern principles, but he is a Northern man with national principles, who holds that in the Union as now constituted there is no reason for the old sectional watchwords. His administration will be distinguished as the epoch of a good feeling among all parts of the country such as has not been known for more than a generation, and whose permanence is threatened by no radical difference. It is better that the President who first appears in the Southern States after this long estrangement should be one for whom the larger part of the vote of those States was cast. His personal presence, his simple and hearty manner, his thorough American feeling, his pleasant speech, will attract the people; and in seeing him they will feel that they have had part in a result which has united the country more completely than it was ever united before, because united without the secret consciousness of fatal incompatibility. They will feel also that they have aided in removing the vague apprehension of national calamity to arise from the election of any candidate for whom they might vote, and that their own action has demonstrated the falsity and the futility of the cry of "rebel" as descriptive of their spirit or their conduct.

The President represents the determination of good citizens in every part of the country that the animosities of the war and of the old slavery controversy shall not be successfully invoked solely for the benefit of a party. There is no thought of surrender of any advantage gained for the common benefit; there is no wish to veil or deface the page of history; there is no effort to confuse right and wrong, or to assert that the cause of slavery is as good as the cause of liberty; nor is there any mean desire to deny either the sincerity with which different opinions were held, or the heroism and sacrifice with which upon all sides they were maintained. If, therefore, in a most happy sense, the President sees a new South, he will also symbolize to that South a new Union. The old Union, riven with an irrepressible conflict, is gone; the new Union, of a common enterprise, a common purpose, a common pride, a common patriotism, has come. It is the great happiness of the President to represent it. It is the hope and inspiration of all the people in all the States to know that it exists.

MOTES AND BEAMS.

THE New York *Tribune*, commenting upon the late Democratic Convention in New York, remarks that "never has the public service been more shamefully prostituted to partisanship even in the worst days of old-fashioned Democracy. How many will vote in these more enlightened days to uphold the practices which made PIERCE and BUCHANAN a burden even to their own party?" The *Tribune* has a convenient memory. The worst days of old-fashioned Democracy in this respect were not worse than the Republican days. The public service was never more shamefully prostituted to partisanship than during Republican ascendency, and it was the shameful completeness of that prostitution which aroused the demand of reform on the part of intelligent and patriotic Republicans. The abuses of the spoils system culminated under Republican auspices. Not only was the control of primaries and conventions and nominations wholly in the hands of office-holders, not only was an outrageous assessment despotically levied upon the civil service, but it was an article of faith that such was the natural order under party administration. When a Republican Collector in New York was besought to protect his subordinates against the blackmailing of party committees, he answered that there were plenty of equally competent men ready and eager to take every place, with all its encumbrances; and upon one of the chief officers declining to pay, the Collector angrily and significantly exclaimed, with an oath, that the officer had better take care, or he would be suddenly dismissed.

The attendance of office-holders at the late Democratic Convention was, as it always is, altogether improper and unbecoming. But the Democratic offence was insignificant when compared with the Republican in the day of Republican power. President HAYES's order was quite as contemptuously defied as President CLEVELAND'S, and because the Collector and Naval Officer of New York were believed to have been punished for disregarding it, they were rewarded by the party with its highest honors. We have known Republican Conventions absolutely dominated by office-holders, their agents sitting like monitors at the head of benches, and the Collector, present in person, plainly warning his subordinates who were also delegates that they would answer with their places for their obedience to his directions in voting. The Republican HUBBELL made the name of Republican odious by the relentless terrorism of his assessments, and Republican treasurers of State Committees demanded as of right the lists of public employés, that they might take their money under fear of dismissal. A check in the wretched game of spoils led the chief Republican leader in New York to resign the Senatorship, in the hope, through the discipline of spoils in his own State, to be re-elected and win the game against the Republican President; and the crime of GUITEAU marks the worst result of the shameful prostitution of the public service to partisanship, which so shocks the *Tribune*—a result occasioned by the mad excess of that prostitution under Republican ascendency.

The Democratic mote is large enough, but the Republican beam is quite as visible. The Republican Convention in Ohio demands that appointments be removed from partisan influence. The party controls legislation, and does not propose a single measure to effect the removal. The Republican Convention in Massachusetts demands the extended application of the reform law. But the Republican Legislature seriously baffles the law by exempting soldiers from its operation. The Republican Convention in New York demands that the reform laws shall be enforced in the spirit in which they were enacted—and Mr. PLATT and his friends control the party. The amusingly scornful denunciations hurled by the BLAINE organs at the betrayal of reform by a Democratic President—who has done more for reform than any other President—recalls WENDELL PHILLIPS's description of the most contemptible cant that was ever canted in this canting world. There could be no more ludicrous spectacle than a party nominating Mr. BLAINE for the Presidency, and then taking the field as a party of civil service reform.

THE GRAND ARMY AT ST. LOUIS.

THE encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at St. Louis was unfortunate in the weather, which was very rainy and disagreeable. But the numbers present were very large, and the enthusiasm apparently very great. The chief business of the occasion, instead of inspiring reminiscences of the war, and consideration of the wisest methods of welding indissolubly the national Union which the war secured, was a declaration in favor of an extension and increase of the pension list. The demand of the Army, as adopted, embraces increased rates of pensions in certain classes, and a general disability pension. A general service pension was desired by a large number, but they could not decide whether or how it should be graded. The service scheme proposes a pension for every man who served for three months. This is a startling proposition. But it is evidently very strongly supported by the posts of the Grand Army, nor is it likely to be abated or withdrawn. The action of the Republican party in denouncing the President for his pension vetoes, and the unreasonable objurgation of the rebel flag order, have undoubtedly persuaded the members of the Grand Army that they can make no demand which the Republicans will dare to deny.

There seems to be little doubt that the next step will be the demand for a general service pension, for which the same arguments will be alleged as for the actual pension. The old pension theory was that a man who had been disabled in the service of his country was entitled to relief. This is a sound principle, which would be universally acknowledged, and all cases which arise from it should be included in the relief. But the principle that every man who voluntarily enlists, and serves without injury either for three months or for the war, should be permanently pensioned, implies a policy which would make the pension charge upon the tax-payers overwhelming, and the demoralization of the American character pitiful. This step being gained, a further enlargement of the pension roll, for obvious reasons which might be suggested, would be proposed, until the service of the country would appear in a very new and unpleasant light when contrasted with what are known as patriotism and public spirit. There is no doubt that many of the noblest and most devoted Union soldiers in the country heartily sustained the chief pension veto of the President as a just and wise measure, tending to recall the public mind to the fact that while it is the instinct of every American to care for those who have suffered in the public service, it is equally repugnant to that instinct to make public service a plea for pauperization.

The President truly says that this country is neither ungrateful nor niggardly toward those who have been disabled in her defence, and the record of this Administration shows no disposition to disregard any fair claim of this kind. Individual instances, indeed, we know of the displacement of meritorious soldiers in the civil service. But all the reasons we do not know, and such instances certainly show no spirit of general ill feeling. If the sentiment with which the Grand Army has been regarded is somewhat changed, is it because the country is forgetting the great heroism and devotion of the war, and the glorious results which they achieved? Is it the fault of the country, or is the conduct of representatives of the Grand Army wholly responsible for the change? Is it not because of an impression gained from Grand Army speeches and resolutions and conduct that there is danger of its becoming a political body for doubtful purposes, and less mindful of the loftier motives of patriotism and public duty?

DEFEAT OF THE GLENN BILL.

THE GLENN bill has been defeated in the Georgia Legislature. It condemned to the chain-gang any teacher who instructed white and colored children, and it was one of the most monstrous illustrations of race prejudice. General attention was called to the bill, and it has been discussed warmly throughout the country. A desperate appeal to race hatred and sectional jealousy was made to force its passage. But Senator BRANTLEY said, manfully:

> "Why not say that the white children shall not play with the black children, or go to church together? They can live together, interchange visits, play together, and finally die together; they can do all things except go to school together. To defeat the GLENN bill is not to back down. It is an assertion that Georgia manhood is not dead, that public sentiment in Georgia is still true to her, that Southern chivalry is yet alive in Georgia."

By a vote of 25 to 13 the GLENN bill was laid aside for a substitute which withdraws State aid from institutions which educate the two races together. This is a very significant ending of the controversy.

It is a matter of regret that there should be any law upon the subject, and that it is not left to regulate itself like the other relations of the races which Senator BRANTLEY mentions. But that it is not so left is not surprising in a late slave-holding community, since in the State of Ohio, which was originally and especially consecrated to freedom, and in which the Southern feeling for the colored people is greatly reviled, the same prejudice prevails. In Ohio there is but one colored inhabitant to forty white inhabitants, yet it was only the last Legislature that repealed the law that compelled the colored children to attend separate schools. But public sentiment apparently holds to the Georgia doctrine, and disapproves the repeal. The new school year has just opened, and in one town a large public meeting asked the School Board to order the colored children into their own schools, which it did. In another town the board closed the schools until the Legislature could act, and in another it refused the colored children admission to the white schools. In Indiana the law admits colored pupils to the white schools in districts where colored schools are not provided. But when a respectable colored parent in such a district recently brought his children to the nearest school, the white children refused to be taught with "niggers," and the result is uncertain. In Kansas, the seat of the bitter struggle of freedom against slavery, the colored children were refused admission to the white schools at Fort Scott, on the ground that colored schools were provided.

This is a less degree of the same feeling which produced the GLENN bill, and it shows the absurdity of reproaching the Southern States with cherishing a prejudice against the colored race as if it were peculiar to them. It exists in New York as well as in Kansas and Ohio and Georgia and Mississippi, and it is just as inhuman and unmanly in one place as in the other. The effort to turn it to political account is hopeless. Georgia is a Democratic State, and Kansas is Republican. But its Republicanism does not reconcile it to the coeducation of white and colored children. If politics are to be introduced into the matter, they can be made effective only by the insistence of one side upon the abolition of separate schools. But for that position apparently neither Ohio nor Kansas is ready. Pending that readiness the difference between refusing State aid to mixed schools while it is granted to separate schools, and insisting that colored children for whom provision is made shall not attend white schools, is not very obvious.

JUSTICE AND MONEY.

WHILE we are justly condemning anarchists and boycotts that strike at fair play and equal rights, and the apparent reluctance of "labor" to trust to the law for the correction of abuses and injustice, we may as well take care not to give good reasons for want of confidence in the law, nor to justify the suspicion that justice is sold. There has been properly great prudence in commenting upon the delay granted in the case of JACOB SHARP after the unanimous opinion of the Supreme judges, because the respect for law leads every intelligent man to desire that every fair protection shall be afforded against unjust punishment.

But we presume there is a universal conviction that if SHARP had been a poor man the Herculean and thus far successful efforts to prevent his paying the penalty of the crimes of which he has been convicted would not have been made. His trial and all the circumstances of the legislative investigation show how thoroughly corrupted with money the Board of Aldermen was, and the events that have followed his conviction have unpleasantly attracted general attention. It has been long known that legislative action is not always free from the influence of bribery. But the courts, except in a few instances which aroused public indignation and sealed the disgrace of the judges, have been free from any imputation.

There could be no graver public misfortune than the general conviction that rich criminals can "buy off" the law. That conviction would lead to anarchy much more rapidly than the ravings of MOST and his crew. It would cover with ridicule our exhortations to boycotters and strikers and labor conspirators of all kinds to "stick to the law." If money should make laws in the Legislature, and money should interpret them in the courts, exhortations to trust in the law would be pointless and absurd. The President wisely suggested at the recent Constitutional Centenary in Philadelphia that there are more vital considerations for a nation than material prosperity. The revelations made in the case of JACOB SHARP offer as much reason for serious reflection as anything that has lately occurred in the country.

THE CONTEST IN MARYLAND.

THE address of the independent Democrats in Baltimore is a very significant and important manifesto. It is followed by the resignation of the chairman of the City Democratic Convention, upon the ground that the management of the party belies the party conviction and purpose, and that it is a corrupt and selfish management. The recent public meeting of the independents was an impressive protest, and they have the satisfaction of knowing that they have the cordial sympathy of honest citizens everywhere. The address sets forth in the plainest terms the corrupt and criminal course of the local "regular" Democratic leaders. The details mentioned in regard to the character of men appointed to office, taken in connection with the evidence and the result in the trials of election officers last spring, present a state of things fatal to public decency, and political safety fully justifying the action which has been taken.

The independent Democrats do not propose to seek "reform within the party" by supporting Mr. GORMAN and his gang. They know that such managers and their practices are not to be reformed by voting for them. It is an easy plea that the worst men and deeds of your own party are better than any men or works of the other. But that is merely a form of the baby act. The only argument to which the ordinary party manager is amenable is defeat. No man has any right to assert that a party which constantly follows unworthy leaders is a party of reform, and no patriotic or honest citizen will permit a party name to win his vote either for corrupt courses or for unfit men.

The shame of the Democratic situation in Maryland, which has produced the resolute and encouraging Democratic bolt, is not relieved by the assertion that the office-holders, who are the notorious instruments of Mr. GORMAN, are efficient in the discharge of their duties. They defy the President's order; they demoralize politics; they degrade public character and disgrace popular institutions. If they are shrewd enough to do their official work well, they are not the only persons who could do it. There are honorable, quiet, efficient citizens, whose unobtrusive exercise of their political rights could not be justly condemned, who would discharge their duties quite as well. The misfortune of the Maryland situation is that while it is disgraceful in itself, it involves the President, who declines to interfere. It is as his friends and supporters, and even, according to their assertion, as sustained by him, that the corrupt ring are guilty of offences which make all decent men in the country desire their overthrow at the polls.

THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.

THE President has made an excellent selection of Commissioners to confer about the fisheries. Besides Secretary BAYARD, he has appointed President ANGELL, of Michigan University, a Republican, who won his diplomatic spurs in the negotiation of the Chinese treaty, and Judge PUTNAM, of Maine, who has been counsel for the government in the matter of the Canadian seizures of schooners, and who is thoroughly familiar with the American case.

The purpose of the conference is to find a common ground of agreement, if possible, upon which a treaty can be drawn, which will be submitted to both governments for ratification. The British consent to a Commission is due to Minister PHELPS in London, and the conference is the natural and honorable way of seeking the settlement of a difference between self-respecting governments. Our Commissioners are not men in whose keeping the national honor will suffer any detriment; and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the only English Commissioner who is as yet announced, has been long a friend of this country. The attempt to belittle and prejudice him in American opinion because of his position upon the Irish question is natural, but it will not succeed. It is one of the necessities of playing for the Irish vote—a game which occasions a good deal of droll buncombe.

MR. OBERLY'S LETTER.

MR. OBERLY, the Civil Service Commissioner, does not permit the existence of any doubt as to the sincerity of his convictions or his energetic independence in declaring them. His recent letter to the Illinois Association in Washington is a vigorous exposure of the renewal by Democrats of the very abuse which was denounced by them when practised by Republicans. These State associations in Washington are mainly partisan machines to extort money from government employés and to discipline them for party efficiency. "I believe," says Mr. OBERLY, "the Democrats should practise in power what they preached while out of power."

That is a sensible proposition, the application of which is not limited to the case of government clerks in Washington. There was a great deal of distrust expressed of Mr. OBERLY, when he was appointed, as being altogether too strong a partisan to make a proper Civil Service Commissioner. But his course has been manly and straightforward, without tricks or "diplomacy" of any questionable kind, and there can be no more doubt of his good faith than of his intelligent resolution. All the recent documents of the Commission bear the imprint of his decisive character, and this letter is worthy of careful consideration.

Mr. OBERLY is what is called a practical politician. He holds that the passage of a good law correcting gross abuses and its faithful enforcement are practical politics. It is not surprising that his letter produced a profound impression in what are called "political circles." It announced a truth which is not agreeable to those circles, but which they must make up their minds to accept and respect.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

JUDGE BARRETT has just made an important decision, which will enhance the public opinion of his admirable judicial service. A foreman in a New York factory was last year driven from his place by a boycott placed upon the factory by the Knights of Labor because the foreman was a non-union man—as every man has the right to be. He went to Baltimore, where he obtained employment, but the threat of a boycott against the shop caused his expulsion there, and the foreman sued the executive committee of the assembly that made the threat, and Judge BARRETT sustains him.

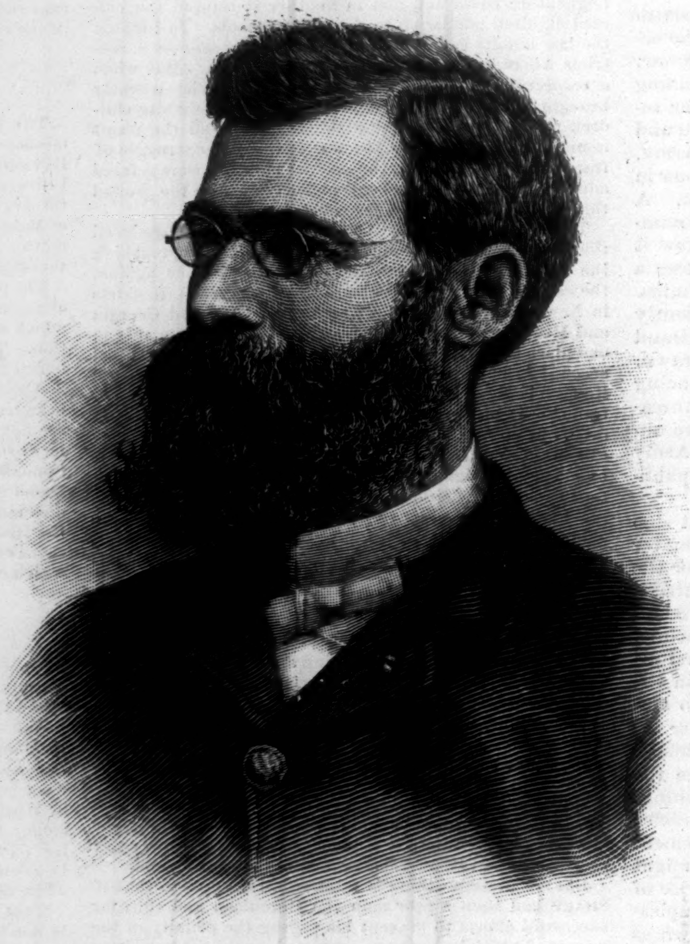
We are glad that what is so manifestly just is also law. A conspiracy among employers to prevent the employment of any man who belonged to an association whose purposes were lawful and innocent would be a great wrong, against which the law would probably assist the victim. Equally wrong is a similar conspiracy of working-men to prevent the employment of a man because he did not belong to an association. The law, as Judge BARRETT says, undoubtedly authorizes the peaceful withdrawal of any number of persons from their work, or a strike, in order to secure an advance of wages. But neither violence nor threats of violence are permissible. But where the strike has no relation to wages, the combination to effect unlawful purposes becomes a criminal conspiracy.

A fixed price for labor cannot, indeed, be maintained if persons outside of the combination choose to work for less. But the right of a man to set the price of his labor is unquestionable, and interference with that right is not justifiable under the law, which authorizes peaceable co-operation to advance the price. Here, however, was a deliberate purpose to crush an honest man for no reason connected in any way with the advance of wages or the maintenance of the rate. There was no shadow of a legal pretence for injuring him, and the judge holds, as every just man will hold, that he was maliciously persecuted.

PHOTOGRAPHY as a fine art has made rapid progress within the past few years, but probably no picture has as yet attracted so general attention as that by Mr. J. LANDY, of Cincinnati, entitled "Man, know thy Destiny," which won for the artist the handsome BLAIR cup—a massive silver vase, offered at this year's annual convention and exhibition of the Photographers' Association of America for the best and most artistic specimen of original photography. The picture, which is 17 by 21 inches large, represents an old monk clasping a skull in his left hand and meditating on human destiny before an open prayer-book.

A TRADE AS IT SHOULD BE.

One of the apparent points about the trade represented in Mr. Gaul's picture is that it is highly important. It does not matter whether the negotiation is concerned with one or all of the fat and desirable cattle which appear in the background; either it is important or there is no trust to be placed in human facial expression. Plainly the younger man is a butcher and the other is a farmer, and it is obvious that the farmer is desirous of making to the butcher a sale of beef. He is saying of his cows things which do credit to his imagination. He is an elderly farmer with a great deal of experience, and undoubtedly he can very eloquently set forth the strong points of a cow when he is so minded, and when the cow is his. The butcher is aware of the farmer's power, and he is thinking over the worst things which it is possible to say about a cow, with a view to saying them when it comes his turn. It is not likely that the trade will be effected in a hurry. People in the country bargain slowly and without feverishness. If the butcher were suddenly to close the negotiations and buy the cows at the owner's price, it is possible that the owner would feel keenly disappointed and hurt. He would rather take less money and have the satisfaction of hearing the butcher's injurious remarks. But anybody who will take the trouble to note the other's Napoleonic and portentous calm will be satisfied that there is no fear of the butcher. He will not thwart the farmer, and spoil the deliberation which makes trading worth while. The transaction will move on slowly and thoughtfully to a natural and unexplosive termination. In due time the farmer will conclude, and after he has listened to the butcher's withering opinions the pair will separate, seemingly given over to a hopeless and unalterable divergency. Days will pass, and when the two meet they will speak about the weather and the prospect for cider, but never about the cows. At length, quite casually, the farmer will some day remark, "How about them cows?" and the butcher will abstractedly observe, "What cows?" More days will pass, when a sporadic inquiry concerning the cows will be dropped by the butcher, and in return the farmer will shake his head sadly and drive on, his attitude and air conveying the impression that he is oppressed with the thought that the butcher has become foolish and maundering. Then they will meet once more, and the bargain will be brought to a neat, rounded, and well-deserved end. The unwritten law decrees that the one who loses in the transaction must take it out of the next man with whom he trades, but whether or not either comes to consider himself a loser, the pleasurable memory of a trade decently, deliberately, and exhaustively carried out will abide equally with both.



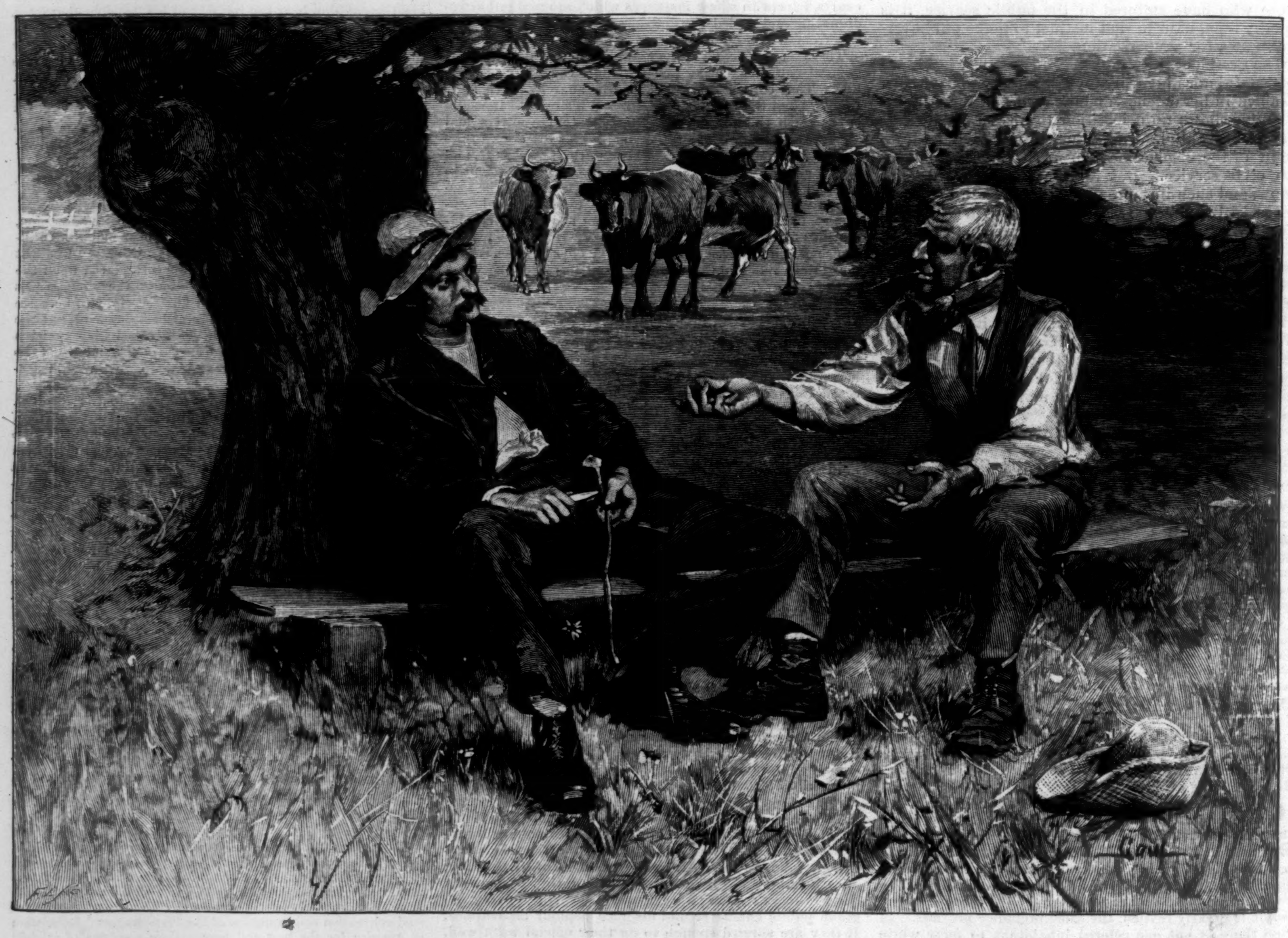
GEN. JOHN P REA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
From a Photograph by Guerin, St. Louis.

JUDGE JOHN P. REA.

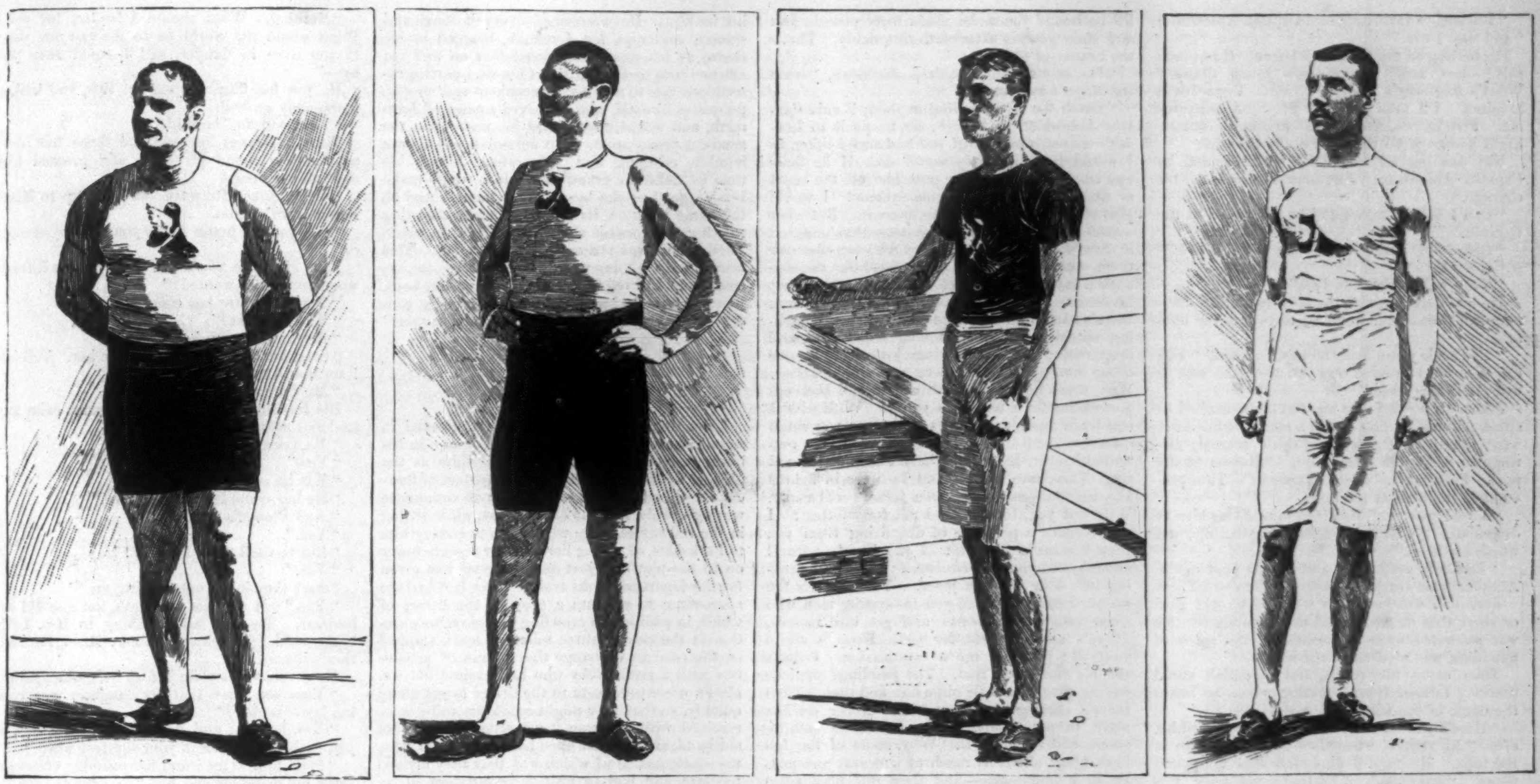
The new Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, chosen at the National Encampment held at St. Louis, is Judge John Patterson Rea, of Minneapolis. Judge Rea was born October 13, 1840, in Lower Oxford, Chester County, Pennsylvania, where, after receiving an education at the local school, he worked in a factory. In the autumn of 1860 he removed to Miami County, Ohio, and the following spring, at President Lincoln's first call for troops, April 17, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Eleventh Ohio Infantry, a three months' regiment. On the expiration of its term of service he joined the First Ohio Cavalry in August, and shortly after was commissioned Second Lieutenant of this regiment. He was promoted to be First Lieutenant, March 12, 1862; Captain, April 1, 1863; and was made brevet Major, for gallant service, November 23, 1863. He took part in all the campaigns and battles of his regiment, which formed a part of Loring's Cavalry Brigade, Army of the Cumberland, and during his service of three years and four months was never absent from duty except for eight days, when he was a prisoner. He resigned his commission, on account of ill health, November 23, 1864.

Being still only twenty-four years old, he entered the Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, from which he graduated in 1867. Then returning to Pennsylvania, he studied law with O. J. Dickey, Esq., the associate of Thaddeus Stevens, of Lancaster, and was admitted to the bar in 1868. The following year he was appointed Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Ninth Pennsylvania District, which office he held four years. Afterward removing to Minnesota, he became editor of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, but in May, 1877, resumed the practice of law, and in November was elected Judge of Probate of Hennepin County. To this office he was re-elected, thus discharging its duties during four years. His next public appointment was that of District Judge of the Fourth Minnesota District, and last November he was elected for six years to the same office, which he now holds. He was Quartermaster-General of Minnesota from 1883 to 1886, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

The new Commander-in-chief was one of the early members of the Grand Army, having joined the post at Piqua, Ohio, in December, 1866, as a charter member. He was the first Commander of Post No. 4, of Minnesota, afterward was Commander of Post No. 84, of Pennsylvania, was at one time Department Commander of Minnesota, and in 1884 was Senior Vice-Commander-in-chief. Judge Rea has always been an active member of the organization whose highest honors he now receives.



THE TRADERS.—Drawn by Gilbert Gaul.



C. A. J. QUECKBERNER

W. J. M. BARRY.

A. A. JORDAN.

E C. CARTER.

CHAMPIONS OF RECENT ATHLETIC CONTESTS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 743.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

JEREMIAH DISCOVERS A "SYSTEM" BY WHICH HE MUST MAKE A LARGE FORTUNE.

Just before the man called out "False start," there had been a momentary lull in the room, the principal bets having been made and booked, but when the two words were spoken a buzz of eager inquiries commenced. "How much Silver Rose?" "Northampton for a pony—what price?" "I'll take twelves and threes Peter Simple, a tenner each way." "I want to back an outsider for a fiver." To most of these propositions rapid answers were returned by a man who seemed to have the direction of affairs. He was a man with a face like a ribstone pippin and clear gray eyes. A great number of the propositions led to business and booking on both sides. Then came the sound of the tape, and another hush, everybody craning forward to hear the message. "They're off!" said the man at the tape. At this the betting practically ceased, and all in the room waited in expectancy, with more or less eagerness. The distinguishing mark of the company was that nearly every man in it was a swell, half of them, at least, having titles to their names. Presently the little bell, the tinkling of which preceded the ticking of each fresh message, rang, and the tape recommenced its labors. "Result," called the man. "Prickly Pear first, Silver Rose second, Peter Simple third." A hubbub ensued. "I told you to back the favorite; it was a dead certainty; at least a stone in hand." "I've cleared a century." "I lose a hundred and forty. Cursed luck?" And so on, and so on. In a few instances money changed hands, and Jeremiah saw the passing of new Bank of England notes. He was joined by Captain Ablewhite.

"Do you understand it?" asked the Captain.

"A betting club," said Jeremiah.

"Not at all," said the smiling Captain. "A little party of friends amusing themselves privately, just to pass the time. Do you see that tall gentleman with the gray mustache? That's Major Rex-Schon. He backed the favorite for a monkey at even money."

"Who lost it?" inquired Jeremiah.

"The book-maker," said Captain Ablewhite, laughing. "A bad race for him. So was the first one. Both the favorites have won. He'll get his money back, with interest, before the day's out. You won a few sovs. last night; put three or four on Praxis for the next race; a sure thing. The starters are being called out."

The man at the tape gave the names of the horses as they went up on the board a hundred miles away. There were eleven, Praxis being among them.

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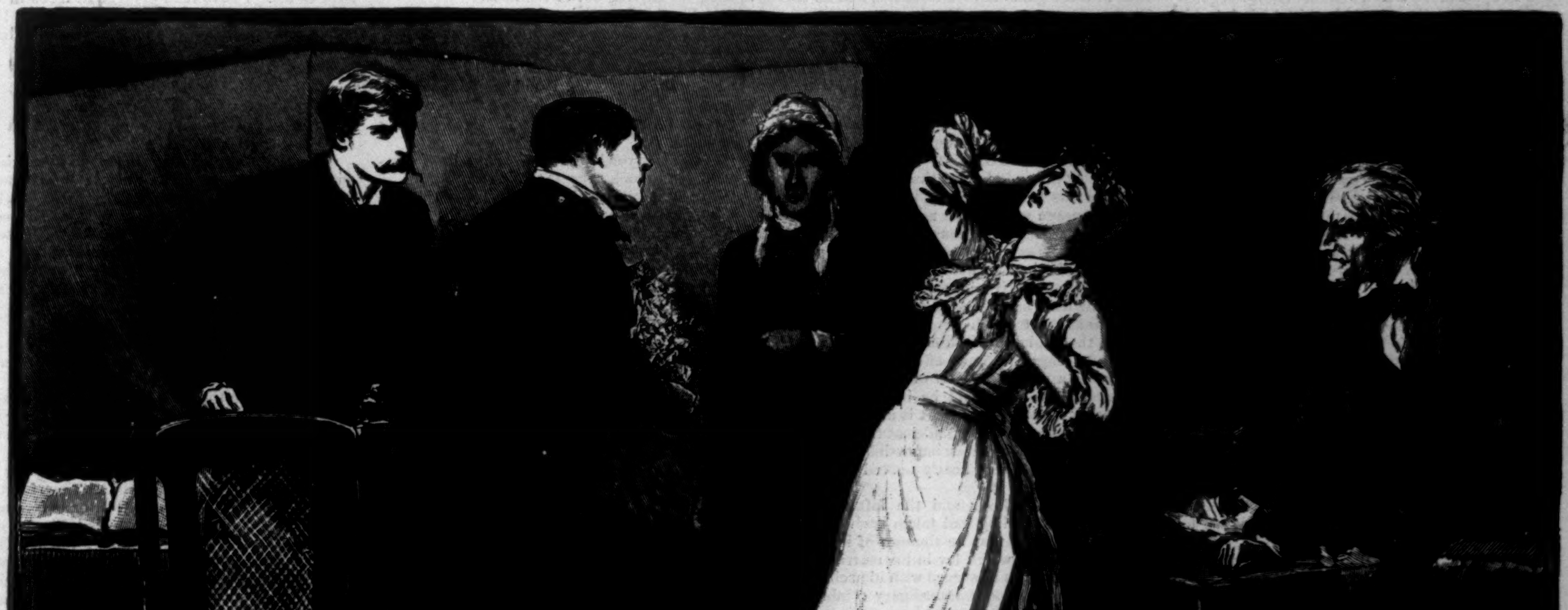
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.



"SHE RAISED HER HEAD, AND WITH A BLIND LOOK OF ANGUISH AT HER AUNT AND FRED, STRETCHED FORTH HER TREMBLING ARMS."

"Butterfly's favorite," said Captain Ablewhite, "and won't win."

The betting on the third race began. How much this?—how much that?—how much t'other? What's Butterfly's price? Evens. Done for a hundred. I'll take an even fifty. A pony for me. Five to two, Anonyma. Eights, Geranium. Eight ponies. All right. Praxis, twenties.

Not one backed the horse recommended by Captain Ablewhite. Jeremiah screwed up his courage.

"Can I bet a sovereign?" he whispered to the Captain.

"Certainly. Take my advice; make it five."

"No. Two."

"Very well. Forty to two."

He made the bet with the book-maker for Jeremiah, and took four hundred to twenty for himself.

"I've made yours ready money," he said. "You can give me two sovs. now, or when the race is over, if Praxis loses."

Jeremiah nodded; he was too much excited to speak; it was his first bet on a race, and his heart went thump, thump, and he could scarcely distinguish what was being said. "Horses at the post. False start. Butterfly bolted." Thus proclaimed the man at the tape.

"I told you so," said Captain Ablewhite to Jeremiah. "Cost three thou. as a yearling; not worth his keep."

"Butterfly pulled up, and at the post again. Another false start. Another. They're off!"

Jeremiah did not know whether he was glad or sorry that he had risked two sovereigns. He was animated by new sensations; the spirit of gambling was awakened within him.

Then came the result, and Jeremiah could scarcely refrain from shouting when he heard the name of the winner—Praxis.

"Here's your money," said Captain Ablewhite, after "All right!" was called out by the man at the tape. He handed Jeremiah four ten-pound notes. "Easy, isn't it? Done the trick this time. Major Rex-Schon backed it; he has a system, and has won eight thousand this year if he's won a penny."

"A system?" said Jeremiah, handling the forty pounds with delight.

"Yes. See which horse he backs in the next race, and follow him. Reckon you've won thirty pounds, and back the Major's fancy for a tenner."

Jeremiah, after some hesitation, decided to take the advice, and backed the Major's fancy for ten pounds at six to one. Again he was fortunate, and he won sixty pounds. His head throbbed with the possibilities of the future. Major Rex-Schon, satisfied with his winnings, took his departure, and Jeremiah bet no more on that occasion.

"What are you going to do to-night?" asked Captain Ablewhite.

"Nothing," replied Jeremiah.

"Come and have a bit of dinner with me," said the Captain.

To enjoy anything at another man's expense was an opportunity which Jeremiah never neglected, and he and Captain Ablewhite had their bit of dinner at a French restaurant. The Captain was a man of expensive tastes, and the dinner was the best meal which Jeremiah had ever sat down to. The wines were champagne and claret, and Jeremiah took his share; he was entering upon a new world. When the dinner was over, and they were finishing the claret and smoking the Captain's best cigars, Jeremiah's host gave his views of betting on horse-racing.

"The great thing," he said, "is a head for figures. Most men lose; the clever ones win great fortunes. Major Rex-Schon, when he began to bet, was a ruined man. He has been at it three years, and is worth fifty thousand—every penny of it. What he can do, others can do. For my part, I don't mind confessing it, I haven't a level head, and I lose when I ought to win. I make up my mind beforehand, and I don't keep to it; I get led away. If I had been wise, being in the swim as I am, I ought to be a millionaire; but it's not too late. There are better chances now than ever. Yes, I ought to have been a millionaire, and I should have been if I had had a man like you at my back. It's a great thing, you know, being in the swim, in a position to get at the stable secrets. Why, there was only yesterday now: the owner of Robert Macaire dropped me a hint to bet against his horse for the Liverpool Cup. Instead of taking his advice I, like a fool, mentioned it to Major Rex-Schon. What does he do? An hour afterward he bets seven thousand to one against Robert Macaire, and to-day at one o'clock the horse is scratched. Result, the level-headed Major is a clear thousand in pocket, which should have been in mine. Waiter, bring me the *Daily Telegraph* and the special *Standard*. Now, look here at the *Telegraph* this morning. Ah, here it is. 'Liverpool Cup, 7000 to 1000 against Robert Macaire.' That was the Major's bet, made last night. Here's the special *Standard*. 'Scratchings: Robert Macaire out of the Liverpool Cup, at 1.10 P.M.' I don't cry, 'What infernal luck!' I know that I lost a thousand pounds by my own folly—that's the long and the short of it. I'll tell you what the best of this kind of speculation is. You get your money; no owings. Ready money down, if you like; that's what would suit you?"

"Yes," said Jeremiah, sucking in every word, and yet believing that it was he who was pumping Captain Ablewhite, and not Captain Ablewhite who was pumping him; "that is the best plan."

"Of course it is. You got your money to-day, didn't you? And how long did it take? Forty pounds in ten minutes on Praxis. You ought to have done as I told you, and made a hundred."

"I ought," groaned Jeremiah, feeling as if somebody had cheated him out of sixty pounds.

"I don't blame you entirely; you are not used to this sort of thing, and you were cautious. But I'll be bound you never made forty pounds first and sixty pounds afterward so quickly. That's the beauty of the thing."

"Do you know," inquired Jeremiah, "what the Major's system is?"

"Catch the Major telling anybody!" said Captain Ablewhite. "No, sir; he keeps it to himself—as you would do if you had a sure thing, as I would do, as anybody would do. If he finds any one watching him he puts him off the scent or drops betting. Know his system! I would give ten thousand pounds to know it. But what matters? There are more systems than one, and if there's a man in the country who can discover them, you are the man. A long head like yours—such a calculator as you! There's backing first favorites; there's backing second favorites; there's backing them both together; there's backing outsiders; there's backing short odds and long odds; there's backing jockeys. If one thing won't do alone, there are combinations. Why, there never was such a field and such opportunities for a head like yours! With what I can learn from the stables, and what you could discover, such an absolute certainty never presented itself. Everything hasn't been discovered yet. There are a thousand fortunes in figures and calculations which some fellows will make. Why not you, for one, and me, for another? I won't make a pretence of disguising from you that I want a little bit of it. That's natural enough, and you won't make a pretence of denying it. Fair play's a jewel. Then there's the people I can introduce you to—young men who come into great estates and get into messes. There's another field for you. Keep it all to yourself; but give me a commission. I don't ask for more than that. The puddings shall be yours; give me a little plum now and then. Then there's such games as you saw going on last night in my rooms. There are kites and pigeons, and *we* know it. Why, some of the fellows know about as much of baccarat and poker as a blue-bottle—and they *will* play when they get a chance. Always have done, and always will. But the great thing is racing. It's waiting for you and made for you every day for nine months in the year. Wants a little pluck now and then; but the result is a moral. Your slow, timid, cautious ones, what do they make? A hundred a year instead of a hundred thousand."

In this way Captain Ablewhite talked, and Jeremiah listened and took it all in. A golden field lay before him, a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground. What a fool he would be to turn his back upon it! Such a chance would never present itself again.

Behold him, then, a few weeks after this conversation, secretly hand and glove with Captain Ablewhite, going occasionally to the Captain's rooms and picking up a few sovereigns; going occasionally to a race-course and coming home a pound or two the richer, and night after night covering pages upon pages with figures and calculations from racing-books. He was very cautious in these gambling transactions, and he suffered tortures upon nearly every occasion when he sat down in Miser Farebrother's office, which he regarded as his own, and reckoned up what he might have won had he been able to screw his courage to the sticking-point. "Had I done this or that," he thought, "had I had pluck, I should have been so much in pocket. The Captain told me I should require pluck now and then, and that the result would be a certainty—and it would have been." At the end of some three months, during which he was feeling his way, he calculated that a little courage would have made him the richer by at least a couple of thousand pounds, for—as is the case with every person who calculates after the event—he had no doubt that he would have backed such or such a horse, or such and such a jockey, or have adopted such or such a combination, the issue of which would have been to put him on the straight, or the crooked, road to fortune. At length he was convinced that he had discovered a certain system of winning. What that system was it would be imprudent to explain here, for the reason that it might lead misguided persons to ruin. Sufficient that Jeremiah was convinced that it was impossible of failure, and that he had very nearly nerved himself to plunge boldly into it.

Meanwhile the fever and the infatuation of betting and gambling had taken such complete possession of him that he thought of little else, except the safety which lay in his marriage with Phœbe. "For," as he argued with himself, "supposing that by some extraordinary combination of circumstances luck should go against me, I should still be all right if I were the master of Miser Farebrother's business, and if his money were mine." As for anything in shape of sentiment, that was entirely outside his domain; his nature was not capable of it. He thought only of himself, and worked and schemed only for himself.

Meanwhile, also, the course of events was—so far as Jeremiah Pamflett was mixed up in his affairs—fairly satisfactory to Captain Ablewhite. Instead of being dunned for the money he owed Jeremiah—which, by Jeremiah's cunning methods of compound interest, was beginning to swell into an important amount—he borrowed more of him; small sums at a time, certainly, but, as Captain Ablewhite said to himself, "Little fish are sweet." As Jeremiah had him in his power, so also the smiling Captain had managed to obtain a hold upon the man from whom, in ordinary circumstances, he knew he would get no mercy. Of a different quality of cunning from Jeremiah's was the standard of Captain Ablewhite's intellect, but, properly handled, it was scarcely less powerful. All his life had Captain Ablewhite lived upon his wits, eating and drinking of the best, a member of good clubs, living in fashionable quarters, owing money right and left, and yet managing somehow to keep out of water too hot for him. He entertained a very thorough and sincere contempt for Jeremiah, laughed in his sleeve at his meanness, fooled him on and on, allowed him to win a little at his card-parties, introduced him to men as impecunious and unscrupulous as himself, who borrowed money of Jeremiah, and would have pulled his nose upon the smallest provocation. But Jeremiah was always humble, cringing, and subservient, biding his time to make the grand coup which would make him as good as the best among them. And so the game went on, its minutest details assisting to bring to a terrible climax the tragedy in which Phœbe's life was presently to be engulfed. This brings us to the day upon which our heroine, accompanied by Fred Cornwall and dear Aunt Leth, journeyed to Parksides to ask her father's consent to her engagement with the young lawyer.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A DAUGHTER'S DUTIES.

Upon that day Jeremiah Pamflett, arrayed in a brand-new suit of clothes, with a flower in his button-hole (copying Captain Ablewhite as the pink of fashion), and carrying a bouquet of flowers for the girl whom he was now to commence wooing openly, had the satisfaction, while sitting in the railway carriage which was to convey him to Parksides, of seeing her and her friends hurry on to the platform just as the signal was given for the departure of the train. They had had the misfortune to get into a growler, the driver of which, in addition to crawling to the railway station at the rate of three miles an hour, stopped on the road to exchange the reverse of urbanities with a rival cabby who had excited his ire. Fred's urgent requests to the driver to get along quickly, so that they might catch the train, were received with supreme indifference; he was an old hand, and insisted upon having his little joke, the consequence of which was that they arrived too late, and had to wait three-quarters of an hour for the next train. It was no serious trouble to Fred, although he was annoyed. A house, a railway station, a barn, England, Timbuctoo—they were all the same to him so long as Phœbe was with him.

Jeremiah rushed to his mother with the news.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Mrs. Pamflett. "Perhaps it is all for the best."

"You talk like a fool," snarled Jeremiah, who was never happier than when he had some one to bully. "How can it be all for the best?"

"It will bring matters to a head, Jeremiah. It is much better for our enemies to work in the light than in the dark. You have nothing to fear. Miser Farebrother and I had a conversation to-day about you. He told me that everything was settled, and that you and Phœbe were to be married. He is very ill and frightened. The doctor told him if he wasn't very careful he would die. He has been moaning and groaning ever since. 'You mustn't think,' the doctor said to him, 'of stirring out of the house.'"

"Ah!" said Jeremiah, with a sigh of relief, "that is good. Anything more? And was there any special reason for the doctor giving him that caution?"

"It came," said Mrs. Pamflett, "through his expressing a wish to go to London."

"What for?" said Jeremiah, his face growing very white.

"I can't tell you," replied Mrs. Pamflett; "except it was to look after the business."

"To pry into what I am doing! Let him be careful, or it will be the worse for him!"

"Jeremiah!"

"Don't 'Jeremiah' me! I won't stand it! What do I care for that—that image? Do you think I will have him come spying into my affairs? Let him look to himself—that's all I've got to say."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Pamflett, whose face had grown as white as her son's, "he can't leave Parksides."

"You take care that he doesn't—that's what you've got to see to. If he gets any better, make it impossible for him to leave."

"Jere—!" But a warning look from her son prevented her from getting farther with his name. Then she wrung her hands, and cried, "Oh! what are you doing—what are you doing?"

From fever-heat he went down to zero. "What do you think I am doing?"

"I don't know what to think, Jeremiah. You frighten me!"

He did not speak for a moment or two, and in her agony of impatience she cried, "Why don't you answer me?"

"I am puzzling my head to find out," he said, frigidly, "why I have frightened you." He suddenly changed his tone, and spoke with warmth. "Just you mind what I say, mother. What I choose to tell you, I'll tell you; what I choose to keep to myself, I'll keep to myself. I'm on the road to a great fortune—a glorious fortune; and I'm not going to miss it. I've made a discovery, and if I'm idiot enough to blurt it out, everything will be spoiled. Besides, you wouldn't understand it. Can't you be satisfied? I'm working for you as well as for myself. Do you want to go on slaving here all your life, instead of being mistress of a fine house of your own, with servants and horses and carriages, and the best people in the country bowing down to you? Take your choice. But mind, if anything's got to be done to bring this all about—I don't care whether it is you or I who's got to do it—done it must be. If I'm lucky, you shall share my luck. If I'm unlucky— Well, now, what have you got to say to that?"

"Jeremiah," she answered, and he did not reprove her, because he was too intent upon her response, "there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. What should I be but for you? What would the world be to me but for you? If you were in danger, and I could save you by—"

He put his fingers upon her lips, and looked fearsomely around.

"That will do," he said.

Then he kissed her, and she threw her arms passionately round his neck, and pressed him close to her breast.

Half an hour afterward she went up to Miser Farebrother's room.

"Are you any better? Do you feel any stronger?"

"No. Why do you ask? Why do you intrude when you're not wanted?"

"Your daughter has come home."

"What of that?"

"Her aunt is with her."

"Send her away. I will not see her. Tell her I am too ill to see anybody."

"Mr. Cornwall is with her."

His fretfulness vanished; he became calm and cool and collected.

"Mr. Cornwall the lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Has he asked to see me?"

"He has come for that purpose."

"And Phœbe's aunt, too?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell them I am ill?"

"Yes."

"And they insist upon seeing me?"

"Yes." It was not the truth, but she did not hesitate. She had said nothing to Mrs. Lethbridge and Fred Cornwall about Miser Farebrother's illness.

He considered awhile before he spoke again.

"Your son knew that my daughter was coming home to-day?"

"Yes, he did; and he is here to see her, as you wished. He obeys your lightest word."

"Send him to me; and five minutes afterward show my daughter and her fine friends into the room."

Jeremiah entered with his usual obsequiousness and deference. It afforded him inward satisfaction to note how ill the miser looked, but he did not allow the expression of this feeling to appear on his face. On the contrary, he said, "I am glad to see you looking so much better, sir."

"Am I really looking better, Jeremiah?" asked Miser Farebrother, eager to seize the slenderest hope. "Really better?"

"Indeed you are, sir. Be careful, and in a short time you'll be quite your old self again."

"Never that; never that, I am afraid," groaned Miser Farebrother. "It has gone too far—too far!"

"Not at all, sir," said Jeremiah, with lugubrious cheerfulness. "You are frightening yourself unnecessarily. We all do when the least thing ails us. If my little finger aches, I think I am going to die."

"It is hard, it is wicked, that a man should have to die. I have read of an elixir a few drops of which would make an old man young. If I only knew where it was to be obtained—where it was to be bought!"

"I wish I knew where, sir," said Jeremiah. "I would get you a bottle."

"And one for yourself, eh, Jeremiah?"

"Yes, sir; I shouldn't object. The idea of death isn't pleasant."

"Then don't let us think of it," said the miser, with a doleful shake of his head; and then, more briskly, "at all events, while I live I will do what I have set my mind to. I may live fifty years yet. There's Old Parr: why shouldn't I be such another? Those people down-stairs, who are waiting and longing for me to go—it would drive them to frenzy if they thought there was any chance of my outliving them."

"Miss Phœbe's friends, sir?"

"Yes, my daughter's friends. I have sent for them here. Did you bring those flowers for her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put them on the table. Take your seat there. Open the books, and seem as if you are doing the accounts. And speak no word till I give you the cue."

Mrs. Pamflett, delaying longer than she was instructed to do, had allowed ample time for this conversation to take place. Ten or twelve minutes elapsed before she conducted Phœbe and her friends to Miser Farebrother's room. They were somewhat discomposed to discover Jeremiah Pamflett at the table; he took no notice of them, however, but, with his head bent down, pretended to be very busy with his accounts.

Undoubtedly there was a great change in Miser Farebrother's appearance. Traces of sickness and suffering were plainly visible in his cadaverous face; and Phœbe, whose heart was beating with love and hope and fear, glided to his side and put her lips to his.

"Good child, good child!" he said, passing his arm round her, and holding her tight to him. "My only child, the only tie that binds me to life!"

"Dear father!" exclaimed Phœbe, softly, embracing him again. His voice was so kind and so charged with pain that the fear which had troubled her that he might not approve of Fred vanished, and loving sympathy took its place.

"You will not leave me, Phœbe?"

"No, father."

"I have missed you sadly, my child! You see how ill I am. I need your care and help—you can do so much for me. My own child! All others are strangers."

"I will do what lies in my power, father."

"You put new life into me. Don't stir from my side. Your arm round my neck like this; it strengthens me, gives me courage, infuses vigor into my weak frame." Had she wished to move away from him she could not have done so, he held her so tight. All this time he had taken no notice of Aunt Leth or Fred Cornwall; he had purposely prolonged the little scene out of pure maliciousness toward them. But now he looked up and fixed his eye upon them. "Sister-in-law, it is kind and unselfish of you to bring my daughter back to me. Had you known I was ill you would have brought her home earlier."

"Certainly I should," said Aunt Leth, gently.

"Suffering as I am, sister-in-law, this is my daughter's proper place."

"Yes." But her heart sank as she spoke the word.

"You are the happy mother of children," continued Miser Farebrother, "and should be able to set me right—if by chance I should happen to be wrong—in the views I have formed of certain matters. I rely upon your judgment. What is a daughter's first duty to her parents?"

"Love."

"Good! Thus love becomes a duty—a duty to be performed even though it clash with other feelings. You hear, Phœbe. You are ready to perform a daughter's duty?"

"I love you, father," said Phœbe; but her voice was troubled; a vague fear oppressed her once more—a fear she could not define or explain.

"Dear child! I have no doubt of that. Your sainted mother lives again in you. Sister-in-law, there is another duty which a daughter owes to her parents."

"There are many others," responded Aunt Leth.

"But one especially, which I will name, in case it may not occur to you. Obedience."

"Yes," said Aunt Leth, faintly; "obedience."

"These duties, which are your due from your children, are not neglected by them?"

"No, they are not."

"What a happy home must yours be!" exclaimed Miser Farebrother, with enthusiasm. "And how glad I am to think that my child has learned from you the lessons which you have taught your own bright children. You hear what your aunt says, Phœbe? Love and obedience are a child's first duties to her parents. Your sainted mother, from celestial spheres"—there was a subtle mockery in his voice and eyes as he raised the latter to the ceiling—"looks down and approves. And now, sir," he said, turning to Fred Cornwall, "to what am I indebted for the favor of a visit from you? It is the second time you have paid me the unsolicited honor."

"I wish to have a few minutes' private conversation with you, sir," said Fred. Hope was slipping from him, but he was prepared to play a manly part.

"I cannot give you a private interview," said Miser Farebrother. "If you have anything to say to me, you can say it now and here. I'll wager you will not be in want of words."

"Father!" whispered Phœbe, entreatingly, but he purposely ignored her.

Fred Cornwall pointed to Jeremiah Pamflett. "As it is your wish, sir, I will say what I have to say before your daughter and her aunt. Perhaps you will ask this gentleman to retire."

"Perhaps I will do nothing of the kind. This young gentleman, Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett, is an old and trusted friend; you are neither one nor the other. Proceed to your business at once, or leave me."

"Let me beg of you—" said Aunt Leth.

He interrupted her with a touch of his caustic humor. "Do not beg of me, sister-in-law; it will be useless; I have nothing to give. Do you intend to speak, sir? You perceive I am not in a fit state to be harassed."

"You leave me no choice, sir. I love your daughter, and she—"

"Stop!" cried Miser Farebrother. "My daughter will speak for herself when she and I are alone. I will not allow you to refer to her."

"But it is necessary, sir," said Fred, respectfully and firmly, "because I am here with her permission."

"Necessary or not, according to your thinking—which is not mine—I will not allow you to refer to her. My house is my own, and I am master in it; let me remind you of that."

"I will do as you wish, sir," said Fred, not daring to look at Phœbe, whose head, bowed upon her breast, was an indication of the agony she was suffering. "I love your daughter, and I come to ask you for her hand. I will do all that a man—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the miser, testily, "we know all that: the old formula. Is that all you have come here for?"

"Is not that enough, sir?"

"Too much. My daughter has other views—I also. I forbid you to speak, Phœbe. Remember the oath you swore upon your dead mother's Bible! Mr. Cornwall, I refuse what you ask. With my permission you will never marry my daughter. Without it, she well knows such an event is impossible, unless she commits perjury. You have not a deep acquaintance with me, sir; but the knowledge of human nature you must have gained as a lawyer will convince you that nothing can turn me from a resolution I have formed, more especially from a resolution in which vital interests are involved—*my* vital interests! My daughter's hand is promised to my manager, Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett."

"Oh, Phœbe!" cried Aunt Leth, with quivering lips and overbrimming eyes. "My poor, poor Phœbe!"

"Spare your heroics," said Miser Farebrother; "we know the value of them. My daughter will give me what she owes me—love and obedience." He rang the bell, and Mrs. Pamflett instantly appeared. "Show these people the door," he said to her; "and if they venture to present themselves here again, send for a policeman and have them locked up. Jeremiah, give my daughter your love-offering."

With a face of triumph Jeremiah started from his chair, and advanced toward Phœbe, holding the flowers for her acceptance.

"Look up, Phœbe," said Miser Farebrother, sternly.

She raised her head, and with a blind look of anguish at her aunt and Fred, stretched forth her trembling arms, as though imploring them to save her. Then her strength gave way, and she fell senseless to the ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DELIGHTFUL MUNICH.

Beer and hot sausage constitute the solid charm of the out-of-door festival in Bavaria, as in other parts of the German Empire. Perhaps the sausage is not hotter, and sputters with no finer effect, than on these occasions elsewhere, but it would be a presumptuous locality which should attempt to wrest the palm from Bavaria in the matter of good beer. The beer of Munich especially has long furnished and still furnishes a model for the world. It was good and famous before hundreds of the beers which have since become popular were brewed or dreamed of. As it is esteemed to-day, so was it esteemed by persons who have long since passed into history, for its wholesomeness, good taste, ample body, and generous flow. It used to be a common saying in North Germany that more beer ran for a groschen in Munich than in other places would run for two.

In the largest of the sketches afforded by Mr. Nichols will be observed a stout gentleman bearing two earthen vessels of ample size. He is following a fashion of primitive origin, which is still observed in the famous Hofbrauhaus of the Bavarian capital. The vessels which he carries are beer mugs with a capacity of about a quart, and he is doing for himself what is done for people by waiters ordinarily. He finds his own mugs, rinses them out, and presents them at the tap for filling; he also goes after his own bread and sausage, and lugs food and drink to the table at which he proposes to make his repast. Probably this simple directness in the fashion of its sale goes a good way to account for the cheapness of the Munich beer. There is another notable point in this sketch. It will be observed that the overturning of a jug of beer upon the ground bothers nobody—it is a mere drop out of the sea—and attracts the attention only of a Munich dog, who knows a good thing when he finds it.

But these, fine as they are, are merely the creature comforts of the Bavarian October festival. There is a charm for the eye which is peculiarly satisfying. The wonder is not that there are so many artists in Munich, but that all Bavarians are not artists. All Bavarian peasants are, in one sense—they are artists in the matter of dress and personal decoration. The velvet doublets and bodices of the Tyrolese, the gold braid, and buttons made of the silver coin of the realm, the snow-white caps, and gracefully tapering braids of the maidens, are very fascinating matters, and make a fine show at a picnic. It is as pleasant a thing as one can well imagine to wander among them and observe them until the eye is satisfied and the stomach begins to assert itself, and then to administer to the stomach at the stand where the sausage is passed out piping hot—or good herring, if you prefer it—and at the font where the beer runs, soothing and foam-crowned.

OUR CHAMPION ATHLETES.

New York may justly feel proud of the strength, speed, and endurance of her amateur athletes. The city can also boast of having the finest club-houses devoted to the fostering of muscular vigor in the world. If any man doubts this statement, a visit to the home of the New York Athletic Club, in Sixth Avenue, or the Manhattan Athletic Club's house, in Fifth Avenue, will convince him of the fact. Representatives from these and other clubs of New York and its suburbs, fresh from the training of such masters of the science as Mr. George Goldie and Mr. John Frazier, have gone forth and vanquished champions of the world, from Europe to the antipodes, while champions coming from abroad have been beaten in foot-races, from a sprint of 100 yards to a run of 610 miles, and also in athletic games of all sorts. The performances of our athletes are fruitful themes of conversation the world over, and these are some of the men talked about:

Mr. C. A. J. Queckberner, the strongest of our athletes, is a man of giant mould. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches in his stockings, weighs 210 pounds, and is twenty-seven years old. Notwithstanding his weight, he is very light on his feet, and delights in long-distance skating. The first exhibition of his tremendous strength was in the Scottish-American tug-of-war team ten years ago, when he won the international championship, and held it for years. He joined the New York Athletic Club five years ago, and during that time he has held the championship for throwing the 56-pound weight, holding the American record at 26 feet 3 inches. This year he won the Canadian and United States championships both in throwing the hammer and the 56-pound weight.

Mr. W. J. M. Barry, who joined the New York Athletic Club last summer, is a man whose Herculean proportions surpass those of Mr. Queckberner. He is twenty-four years old, stands 6 feet 4 inches, and weighs 236 pounds. He is of jovial disposition, and as spry as a harlequin. He was born in Cork, and first developed his strength in the Queen's College Athletic Club. He first appeared in this country with the Irish champion athletes several years ago, and became a general favorite. He liked America so well that he returned last July, and became a permanent resident. Mr. Barry holds the world's record for throwing the 56-pound weight 27 feet. He tosses the 16-pound hammer as lightly as a boy would throw a ball, holding the world's record for sending the hammer from the 7-foot circle a distance of 121 feet 7 inches. He has been fairly successful at the championship games here this season.

Mr. A. A. Jordan is a fine all-round athlete, in addition to being the champion hurdle jumper of America and Canada. He is twenty-five years of age, stands 5 feet 9¾ inches, and weighs 150 pounds when in condition. He runs with the speed and grace of Atalanta, and clears the hurdles with the agility of a greyhound. He began his athletic career as a member of the Pastime Club, and afterward joined the Manhattans. He is now a member of the New York Club. He has held the 120-yard hurdle championship of America for the past three years—something which no other athlete ever accomplished. He holds the record for the distance at 16½ seconds, and from his present style of going promises to excel even this wonderful performance. Last month he made a running broad jump of 22 feet 3¼ inches—the best ever made at a championship meeting.

Mr. E. C. Carter is a remarkable runner, who holds American, English, and Canadian championships. He came here two years and a half ago, and joined the Pastimes, winning the cross-country championship for them. He is now a member of the New York Athletic Club, and has improved wonderfully in his speed. He won the 5-mile championship last year and this, and also the 4 and 10 mile championships in England last summer, and the Canadian 2-mile championship both last year and this. He likewise holds the American record from 2½ miles up to 10. He is twenty-five years old, 5 feet 8 inches high, and weighs 118 pounds.

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.

The Western cities have vied with each other in paying honors to President Cleveland during his present visit to them. The first formal reception was at Indianapolis on Saturday, October 1st, where, at the State-house, in the presence of 20,000 people, the President replied to Governor Gray's address of welcome. A brief visit to Mrs. Hendricks followed. The next stop was at Terre Haute, where also Mr. Cleveland addressed a great throng. St. Louis was reached at midnight. The great steel bridge over the Mississippi was brilliantly illuminated as the President's party crossed it in carriages, and a shriek of whistles from steam-boats below signalled their approach to the crowds on the western shore. For a mile from the bridge Washington Avenue had been decked with bunting and illuminated, while at Fourth Street the Cleveland arch, supporting 400 colored lights, was crowned by the President's portrait, with the motto, in gas jets, "Public office is a public trust." Through the cheering throngs the President and Mrs. Cleveland drove rapidly to the house of Mayor Francis. The next day, Sunday, they attended the Washington Avenue Presbyterian Church, where the customary service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Brookes. The afternoon was devoted to a drive.

On Monday the President went to the Fair grounds, where 24,000 school-children were seated in the great amphitheatre to greet him, and sang as his carriage drove into the arena. Five little girls brought the President and his wife a shield made of flowers, and four more, two white and two colored, offered bouquets. While Mrs. Cleveland went to lunch at Mrs. Scanlon's, the President proceeded to the Exchange, where enthusiastic thousands crowded into the great hall, and where he delivered a reply to Mayor Francis's address of welcome. An afternoon public reception in the Lindell parlors and an evening street drive and visit to the Exposition drew enormous throngs. In the midst of Gilmore's programme at the Music Hall portraits of the President and Mrs. Cleveland were shown in cathedral glass, with showers of roses falling upon them. The night closed with a parade of perhaps 20,000 men, on foot or mounted, led by the Hendricks Democratic Association, while the Liederkranz Society and a band, stationed in front of the hotel, serenaded the President at intervals as the procession passed by.

Tuesday began with a review of the Commercial Travellers' Club in front of the Lindell. Then came a public reception and hand-shaking at the Court-house, whose rotunda was decked with flowers, evergreens, and flags. A short trip on a river steam-boat was followed by Mr. and Mrs. Green's lunch party at the club-house on the Fair grounds, and a glance at the racing, while the evening was devoted to the annual street pageant of the Veiled-Prophets, which this year showed Old Testament tableaux. At the ensuing ball of the Prophets, in the Exchange Building, two floral globes were moved by wires so as to hang over the President and his wife.

Wednesday morning, October 5th, found the President's party in Chicago. Forty thousand people were near or about the station, and miles of thoroughfares were so thronged as to frequently check the procession until platoons of the First Cleveland Troop cleared the way. The parade included regulars and militia, sailors and marines, Grand Army posts, firemen, police, and miscellaneous societies. The President was kept constantly bowing and smiling from his carriage till he reached the grand stand, where Mayor Roche welcomed him, Mr. Cleveland making a fitting reply. Mrs. Cleveland meanwhile endeavored to gain the Palmer House for rest, but owing to the crowd proceeded instead to the Union League Club-house. There was a fierce rush at the afternoon public reception at the Palmer House. A double row of police with their clubs kept the President and his party from being crushed. When the line was at last formed, Mr. Cleveland began shaking hands "at the rate of forty-seven per minute," keeping this up until probably 5000 or 6000 people had passed. The evening reception was at the Columbia Theatre, which had been beautifully decorated, 70,000 roses forming a portion of the flowers used. Ten thousand tickets had been issued, and thousands in evening dress were still left in the streets when the reception closed.

Thursday morning began with a rapid drive through the International Encampment. Then the party proceeded to Milwaukee, where a fine procession greeted it. Mayor Wallber delivered the speech of welcome, to which the President replied. A public reception in Schlitz Park, a look at the Exposition, a reception by Mrs. Cleveland at Mrs. Kleek's, and a banquet by the Merchants' Association, at which the President again spoke, closed the day.

THE PIEDMONT EXPOSITION.

The success of the Cotton Exposition held in Atlanta in 1881 was complete. Visitors were amazed by the resources and opportunities of the South. The exposition was the starting-point of the astonishing development which has occurred in that section during the last five years. In Atlanta alone five million dollars has been added to manufacturing investments between 1881 and 1887. Attention has been drawn especially to the Piedmont region, which embraces that country lying between Richmond, Nashville, Montgomery, and Atlanta. The development within that belt has been great, but the possibilities are boundless. To show the resources of this section the Piedmont Exposition, situated in the suburbs of Atlanta, and modelled after the St. Louis Exposition, was opened on October 10th, and will last two or three weeks longer.

The enterprise was suggested early this year by Mr. Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*. The idea met with a ready endorsement. A company was organized, with ample capital, and the execution of the plan was put into good hands. Charles A. Collier, a wealthy Atlanta man, was made President of the company. Mr. Grady accepted the Vice-Presidency, and has exerted his well-known energy for the success of the fair. The scope of the enterprise is such as to enlist the interest of all classes. About $150,000 has been expended in buildings. The main structure is 570 feet long, 126 feet wide, and two stories high, with wings. Many smaller buildings have been erected. There are one thousand stalls for live stock. The exhibit of machinery is equal to that made at the Cotton Exposition, while the display of agricultural products is much larger than that made at the fair of 1881. During the term of the exposition there will be races, military drills, etc. A most interesting study has been made of the actual improvements accomplished in the Piedmont region, together with the resources of the section, and the facts and figures are now ready for the public. President Cleveland will attend on the 17th and 18th inst., and his presence will doubtless draw an immense throng from all parts of the South.

PERSONAL.

Will S. Hays, who has written more popular songs than any other American, is fifty-one years old, and a journalist at Louisville. He began writing when he was sixteen years old. His first successful song was "Evangeline," and his best, "Angels meet me at the cross-roads." Mr. Hays is a large, broad-shouldered man, who looks as though he was an expert with a heavier weapon than the pen. His hair is snow-white and his mustache ink-black.

—Rev. Bernard Carpenter has resigned from the Unitarian church of which he was pastor in Boston, and has been succeeded by Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Carpenter is a graduate of Oxford, but has been in this country thirteen years, eight of which were passed in Boston. When he resigned from his recent pastorate his congregation presented him with a check for $10,000.

—Walter Damrosch will precede the symphony concerts and rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera-house, New York, with a lecture, in which he will explain by word of mouth and piano the music on the programme of each concert. The idea was suggested to Mr. Damrosch by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, for the benefit of whose guests in Scotland he gave an impromptu performance of this sort.

—The father of Steele Mackaye, the actor and playwright, is still living, at the age of eighty-six. He is a typical old Scotchman, and notwithstanding his years, goes travelling about the continent of Europe with as much interest as though he had hardly reached half that age. An ancestor of Mr. Mackaye's, on his mother's side, lived to be one hundred and twenty-two years of age, so Mr. Steele Mackaye says.

—Sir Thomas Gratton Esmonde is one of the few titled Irishmen connected with home rule interests. Sir Thomas is a young man, and had thought very little about the political condition at home until one day, while out hunting with his parish priest, that gentleman accidentally sent the contents of his gun into the young baronet's knee, and while laid up with his wound he spent his time in studying the history of Ireland, and in that way became a convert to home rule.

—James Burrell Angell, of Michigan, one of the gentlemen who have been selected by Secretary Bayard to act with him in the fisheries negotiations, is a man of exceptional cultivation. At the age of twenty-four he was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at the Brown University; during the civil war was editor of the Providence *Journal*; after that he was made President of the University of Vermont, which position he resigned to accept the Presidency of the University of Michigan. Mr. Angell was Minister to China under President Hayes.

"Butterfly's favorite," said Captain Ablewhite, "and won't win."

The betting on the third race began. How much this?—how much that?—how much t'other? What's Butterfly's price? Evens. Done for a hundred. I'll take an even fifty. A pony for me. Five to two, Anonyma. Eights, Geranium. Eight ponies. All right. Praxis, twenties.

Not one backed the horse recommended by Captain Ablewhite. Jeremiah screwed up his courage.

"Can I bet a sovereign?" he whispered to the Captain.

"Certainly. Take my advice; make it five."

"No. Two."

"Very well. Forty to two."

He made the bet with the book-maker for Jeremiah, and took four hundred to twenty for himself.

"I've made yours ready money," he said. "You can give me two sovs. now, or when the race is over, if Praxis loses."

Jeremiah nodded; he was too much excited to speak; it was his first bet on a race, and his heart went thump, thump, and he could scarcely distinguish what was being said. "Horses at the post. False start. Butterfly bolted." Thus proclaimed the man at the tape.

"I told you so," said Captain Ablewhite to Jeremiah. "Cost three thou. as a yearling; not worth his keep."

"Butterfly pulled up, and at the post again. Another false start. Another. They're off!"

Jeremiah did not know whether he was glad or sorry that he had risked two sovereigns. He was animated by new sensations; the spirit of gambling was awakened within him.

Then came the result, and Jeremiah could scarcely refrain from shouting when he heard the name of the winner—Praxis.

"Here's your money," said Captain Ablewhite, after "All right!" was called out by the man at the tape. He handed Jeremiah four ten-pound notes. "Easy, isn't it? Done the trick this time. Major Rex-Schon backed it; he has a system, and has won eight thousand this year if he's won a penny."

"A system?" said Jeremiah, handling the forty pounds with delight.

"Yes. See which horse he backs in the next race, and follow him. Reckon you've won thirty pounds, and back the Major's fancy for a tenner."

Jeremiah, after some hesitation, decided to take the advice, and backed the Major's fancy for ten pounds at six to one. Again he was fortunate, and he won sixty pounds. His head throbbed with the possibilities of the future. Major Rex-Schon, satisfied with his winnings, took his departure, and Jeremiah bet no more on that occasion.

"What are you going to do to-night?" asked Captain Ablewhite.

"Nothing," replied Jeremiah.

"Come and have a bit of dinner with me," said the Captain.

To enjoy anything at another man's expense was an opportunity which Jeremiah never neglected, and he and Captain Ablewhite had their bit of dinner at a French restaurant. The Captain was a man of expensive tastes, and the dinner was the best meal which Jeremiah had ever sat down to. The wines were champagne and claret, and Jeremiah took his share; he was entering upon a new world. When the dinner was over, and they were finishing the claret and smoking the Captain's best cigars, Jeremiah's host gave his views of betting on horse-racing.

"The great thing," he said, "is a head for figures. Most men lose; the clever ones win great fortunes. Major Rex-Schon, when he began to bet, was a ruined man. He has been at it three years, and is worth fifty thousand—every penny of it. What he can do, others can do. For my part, I don't mind confessing it, I haven't a level head, and I lose when I ought to win. I make up my mind beforehand, and I don't keep to it; I get led away. If I had been wise, being in the swim as I am, I ought to be a millionaire; but it's not too late. There are better chances now than ever. Yes, I ought to have been a millionaire, and I should have been if I had had a man like you at my back. It's a great thing, you know, being in the swim, in a position to get at the stable secrets. Why, there was only yesterday now: the owner of Robert Macaire dropped me a hint to bet against his horse for the Liverpool Cup. Instead of taking his advice I, like a fool, mentioned it to Major Rex-Schon. What does he do? An hour afterward he bets seven thousand to one against Robert Macaire, and to-day at one o'clock the horse is scratched. Result, the level-headed Major is a clear thousand in pocket, which should have been in mine. Waiter, bring me the *Daily Telegraph* and the special *Standard*. Now, look here at the *Telegraph* this morning. Ah, here it is. 'Liverpool Cup, 7000 to 1000 against Robert Macaire.' That was the Major's bet, made last night. Here's the special *Standard*. 'Scratchings: Robert Macaire out of the Liverpool Cup, at 1.10 P.M.' I don't cry, 'What infernal luck!' I know that I lost a thousand pounds by my own folly—that's the long and the short of it. I'll tell you what the best of this kind of speculation is. You get your money; no owings. Ready money down, if you like; that's what would suit you?"

"Yes," said Jeremiah, sucking in every word, and yet believing that it was he who was pumping Captain Ablewhite, and not Captain Ablewhite who was pumping him; "that is the best plan."

"Of course it is. You got your money to-day, didn't you? And how long did it take? Forty pounds in ten minutes on Praxis. You ought to have done as I told you, and made a hundred."

"I ought," groaned Jeremiah, feeling as if somebody had cheated him out of sixty pounds.

"I don't blame you entirely; you are not used to this sort of thing, and you were cautious. But I'll be bound you never made forty pounds first and sixty pounds afterward so quickly. That's the beauty of the thing."

"Do you know," inquired Jeremiah, "what the Major's system is?"

"Catch the Major telling anybody!" said Captain Ablewhite. "No, sir; he keeps it to himself—as you would do if you had a sure thing, as I would do, as anybody would do. If he finds any one watching him he puts him off the scent or drops betting. Know his system! I would give ten thousand pounds to know it. But what matters? There are more systems than one, and if there's a man in the country who can discover them, you are the man. A long head like yours—such a calculator as you! There's backing first favorites; there's backing second favorites; there's backing them both together; there's backing outsiders; there's backing short odds and long odds; there's backing jockeys. If one thing won't do alone, there are combinations. Why, there never was such a field and such opportunities for a head like yours! With what I can learn from the stables, and what you could discover, such an absolute certainty never presented itself. Everything hasn't been discovered yet. There are a thousand fortunes in figures and calculations which some fellows will make. Why not you, for one, and me, for another? I won't make a pretence of disguising from you that I want a little bit of it. That's natural enough, and you won't make a pretence of denying it. Fair play's a jewel. Then there's the people I can introduce you to—young men who come into great estates and get into messes. There's another field for you. Keep it all to yourself; but give me a commission. I don't ask for more than that. The puddings shall be yours; give me a little plum now and then. Then there's such games as you saw going on last night in my rooms. There are kites and pigeons, and *we* know it. Why, some of the fellows know about as much of baccarat and poker as a blue-bottle—and they *will* play when they get a chance. Always have done, and always will. But the great thing is racing. It's waiting for you and made for you every day for nine months in the year. Wants a little pluck now and then; but the result is a moral. Your slow, timid, cautious ones, what do they make? A hundred a year instead of a hundred thousand."

In this way Captain Ablewhite talked, and Jeremiah listened and took it all in. A golden field lay before him, a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground. What a fool he would be to turn his back upon it! Such a chance would never present itself again.

Behold him, then, a few weeks after this conversation, secretly hand and glove with Captain Ablewhite, going occasionally to the Captain's rooms and picking up a few sovereigns; going occasionally to a race-course and coming home a pound or two the richer, and night after night covering pages upon pages with figures and calculations from racing-books. He was very cautious in these gambling transactions, and he suffered tortures upon nearly every occasion when he sat down in Miser Farebrother's office, which he regarded as his own, and reckoned up what he might have won had he been able to screw his courage to the sticking-point. "Had I done this or that," he thought, "had I had pluck, I should have been so much in pocket. The Captain told me I should require pluck now and then, and that the result would be a certainty—and it would have been." At the end of some three months, during which he was feeling his way, he calculated that a little courage would have made him the richer by at least a couple of thousand pounds, for—as is the case with every person who calculates after the event—he had no doubt that he would have backed such or such a horse, or such and such a jockey, or have adopted such or such a combination, the issue of which would have been to put him on the straight, or the crooked, road to fortune. At length he was convinced that he had discovered a certain system of winning. What that system was it would be imprudent to explain here, for the reason that it might lead misguided persons to ruin. Sufficient that Jeremiah was convinced that it was impossible of failure, and that he had very nearly nerved himself to plunge boldly into it.

Meanwhile the fever and the infatuation of betting and gambling had taken such complete possession of him that he thought of little else, except the safety which lay in his marriage with Phœbe. "For," as he argued with himself, "supposing that by some extraordinary combination of circumstances luck should go against me, I should still be all right if I were the master of Miser Farebrother's business, and if his money were mine." As for anything in shape of sentiment, that was entirely outside his domain; his nature was not capable of it. He thought only of himself, and worked and schemed only for himself.

Meanwhile, also, the course of events was—so far as Jeremiah Pamflett was mixed up in his affairs—fairly satisfactory to Captain Ablewhite. Instead of being dunned for the money he owed Jeremiah—which, by Jeremiah's cunning methods of compound interest, was beginning to swell into an important amount—he borrowed more of him; small sums at a time, certainly, but, as Captain Ablewhite said to himself, "Little fish are sweet." As Jeremiah had him in his power, so also the smiling Captain had managed to obtain a hold upon the man from whom, in ordinary circumstances, he knew he would get no mercy. Of a different quality of cunning from Jeremiah's was the standard of Captain Ablewhite's intellect, but, properly handled, it was scarcely less powerful. All his life had Captain Ablewhite lived upon his wits, eating and drinking of the best, a member of good clubs, living in fashionable quarters, owing money right and left, and yet managing somehow to keep out of water too hot for him. He entertained a very thorough and sincere contempt for Jeremiah, laughed in his sleeve at his meanness, fooled him on and on, allowed him to win a little at his card-parties, introduced him to men as impecunious and unscrupulous as himself, who borrowed money of Jeremiah, and would have pulled his nose upon the smallest provocation. But Jeremiah was always humble, cringing, and subservient, biding his time to make the grand coup which would make him as good as the best among them. And so the game went on, its minutest details assisting to bring to a terrible climax the tragedy in which Phœbe's life was presently to be engulfed. This brings us to the day upon which our heroine, accompanied by Fred Cornwall and dear Aunt Leth, journeyed to Parksides to ask her father's consent to her engagement with the young lawyer.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A DAUGHTER'S DUTIES.

UPON that day Jeremiah Pamflett, arrayed in a brand-new suit of clothes, with a flower in his button-hole (copying Captain Ablewhite as the pink of fashion), and carrying a bouquet of flowers for the girl whom he was now to commence wooing openly, had the satisfaction, while sitting in the railway carriage which was to convey him to Parksides, of seeing her and her friends hurry on to the platform just as the signal was given for the departure of the train. They had had the misfortune to get into a growler, the driver of which, in addition to crawling to the railway station at the rate of three miles an hour, stopped on the road to exchange the reverse of urbanities with a rival cabby who had excited his ire. Fred's urgent requests to the driver to get along quickly, so that they might catch the train, were received with supreme indifference; he was an old hand, and insisted upon having his little joke, the consequence of which was that they arrived too late, and had to wait three-quarters of an hour for the next train. It was no serious trouble to Fred, although he was annoyed. A house, a railway station, a barn, England, Timbuctoo—they were all the same to him so long as Phœbe was with him.

Jeremiah rushed to his mother with the news.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Mrs. Pamflett. "Perhaps it is all for the best."

"You talk like a fool," snarled Jeremiah, who was never happier than when he had some one to bully. "How can it be all for the best?"

"It will bring matters to a head, Jeremiah. It is much better for our enemies to work in the light than in the dark. You have nothing to fear. Miser Farebrother and I had a conversation to-day about you. He told me that everything was settled, and that you and Phœbe were to be married. He is very ill and frightened. The doctor told him if he wasn't very careful he would die. He has been moaning and groaning ever since. 'You mustn't think,' the doctor said to him, 'of stirring out of the house.'"

"Ah!" said Jeremiah, with a sigh of relief, "that is good. Anything more? And was there any special reason for the doctor giving him that caution?"

"It came," said Mrs. Pamflett, "through his expressing a wish to go to London."

"What for?" said Jeremiah, his face growing very white.

"I can't tell you," replied Mrs. Pamflett; "except it was to look after the business."

"To pry into what I am doing! Let him be careful, or it will be the worse for him!"

"Jeremiah!"

"Don't 'Jeremiah' me! I won't stand it! What do I care for that—that image? Do you think I will have him come spying into my affairs? Let him look to himself—that's all I've got to say."

"At any rate," said Mrs. Pamflett, whose face had grown as white as her son's, "he can't leave Parksides."

"You take care that he doesn't—that's what you've got to see to. If he gets any better, make it impossible for him to leave."

"Jere—!" But a warning look from her son prevented her from getting farther with his name. Then she wrung her hands, and cried, "Oh! what are you doing—what are you doing?"

From fever-heat he went down to zero. "What do you think I am doing?"

"I don't know what to think, Jeremiah. You frighten me!"

He did not speak for a moment or two, and in her agony of impatience she cried, "Why don't you answer me?"

"I am puzzling my head to find out," he said, frigidly, "why I have frightened you." He suddenly changed his tone, and spoke with warmth. "Just you mind what I say, mother. What I choose to tell you, I'll tell you; what I choose to keep to myself, I'll keep to myself. I'm on the road to a great fortune—a glorious fortune; and I'm not going to miss it. I've made a discovery, and if I'm idiot enough to blurt it out, everything will be spoiled. Besides, you wouldn't understand it. Can't you be satisfied? I'm working for you as well as for myself. Do you want to go on slaving here all your life, instead of being mistress of a fine house of your own, with servants and horses and carriages, and the best people in the country bowing down to you? Take your choice. But mind, if anything's got to be done to bring this all about—I don't care whether it is you or I who's got to do it—done it must be. If I'm lucky, you shall share my luck. If I'm unlucky— Well, now, what have you got to say to that?"

"Jeremiah," she answered, and he did not reprove her, because he was too intent upon her response, "there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. What should I be but for you? What would the world be to me but for you? If you were in danger, and I could save you by—"

He put his fingers upon her lips, and looked fearsomely around.

"That will do," he said.

Then he kissed her, and she threw her arms passionately round his neck, and pressed him close to her breast.

Half an hour afterward she went up to Miser Farebrother's room.

"Are you any better? Do you feel any stronger?"

"No. Why do you ask? Why do you intrude when you're not wanted?"

"Your daughter has come home."

"What of that?"

"Her aunt is with her."

"Send her away. I will not see her. Tell her I am too ill to see anybody."

"Mr. Cornwall is with her."

His fretfulness vanished; he became calm and cool and collected.

"Mr. Cornwall the lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Has he asked to see me?"

"He has come for that purpose."

"And Phœbe's aunt, too?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell them I am ill?"

"Yes."

"And they insist upon seeing me?"

"Yes." It was not the truth, but she did not hesitate. She had said nothing to Mrs. Lethbridge and Fred Cornwall about Miser Farebrother's illness.

He considered awhile before he spoke again.

"Your son knew that my daughter was coming home to-day?"

"Yes, he did; and he is here to see her, as you wished. He obeys your lightest word."

"Send him to me; and five minutes afterward show my daughter and her fine friends into the room."

Jeremiah entered with his usual obsequiousness and deference. It afforded him inward satisfaction to note how ill the miser looked, but he did not allow the expression of this feeling to appear on his face. On the contrary, he said, "I am glad to see you looking so much better, sir."

"Am I really looking better, Jeremiah?" asked Miser Farebrother, eager to seize the slenderest hope. "Really better?"

"Indeed you are, sir. Be careful, and in a short time you'll be quite your old self again."

"Never that; never that, I am afraid," groaned Miser Farebrother. "It has gone too far—too far!"

"Not at all, sir," said Jeremiah, with lugubrious cheerfulness. "You are frightening yourself unnecessarily. We all do when the least thing ails us. If my little finger aches, I think I am going to die."

"It is hard, it is wicked, that a man should have to die. I have read of an elixir a few drops of which would make an old man young. If I only knew where it was to be obtained—where it was to be bought!"

"I wish I knew where, sir," said Jeremiah. "I would get you a bottle."

"And one for yourself, eh, Jeremiah?"

"Yes, sir; I shouldn't object. The idea of death isn't pleasant."

"Then don't let us think of it," said the miser, with a doleful shake of his head; and then, more briskly, "at all events, while I live I will do what I have set my mind to. I may live fifty years yet. There's Old Parr: why shouldn't I be such another? Those people down-stairs, who are waiting and longing for me to go—it would drive them to frenzy if they thought there was any chance of my outliving them."

"Miss Phœbe's friends, sir?"

"Yes, my daughter's friends. I have sent for them here. Did you bring those flowers for her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put them on the table. Take your seat there. Open the books, and seem as if you are doing the accounts. And speak no word till I give you the cue."

Mrs. Pamflett, delaying longer than she was instructed to do, had allowed ample time for this conversation to take place. Ten or twelve minutes elapsed before she conducted Phœbe and her friends to Miser Farebrother's room. They were somewhat discomposed to discover Jeremiah Pamflett at the table; he took no notice of them, however, but, with his head bent down, pretended to be very busy with his accounts.

Undoubtedly there was a great change in Miser Farebrother's appearance. Traces of sickness and suffering were plainly visible in his cadaverous face; and Phœbe, whose heart was beating with love and hope and fear, glided to his side and put her lips to his.

"Good child, good child!" he said, passing his arm round her, and holding her tight to him. "My only child, the only tie that binds me to life!"

"Dear father!" exclaimed Phœbe, softly, embracing him again. His voice was so kind and so charged with pain that the fear which had troubled her that he might not approve of Fred vanished, and loving sympathy took its place.

"You will not leave me, Phœbe?"

"No, father."

"I have missed you sadly, my child! You see how ill I am. I need your care and help—you can do so much for me. My own child! All others are strangers."

"I will do what lies in my power, father."

"You put new life into me. Don't stir from my side. Your arm round my neck like this; it strengthens me, gives me courage, infuses vigor into my weak frame." Had she wished to move away from him she could not have done so, he held her so tight. All this time he had taken no notice of Aunt Leth or Fred Cornwall; he had purposely prolonged the little scene out of pure maliciousness toward them. But now he looked up and fixed his eye upon them. "Sister-in-law, it is kind and unselfish of you to bring my daughter back to me. Had you known I was ill you would have brought her home earlier."

"Certainly I should," said Aunt Leth, gently.

"Suffering as I am, sister-in-law, this is my daughter's proper place."

"Yes." But her heart sank as she spoke the word.

"You are the happy mother of children," continued Miser Farebrother, "and should be able to set me right—if by chance I should happen to be wrong—in the views I have formed of certain matters. I rely upon your judgment. What is a daughter's first duty to her parents?"

"Love."

"Good! Thus love becomes a duty—a duty to be performed even though it clash with other feelings. You hear, Phœbe. You are ready to perform a daughter's duty?"

"I love you, father," said Phœbe; but her voice was troubled; a vague fear oppressed her once more—a fear she could not define or explain.

"Dear child! I have no doubt of that. Your sainted mother lives again in you. Sister-in-law, there is another duty which a daughter owes to her parents."

"There are many others," responded Aunt Leth.

"But one especially, which I will name, in case it may not occur to you. Obedience."

"Yes," said Aunt Leth, faintly; "obedience."

"These duties, which are your due from your children, are not neglected by them?"

"No, they are not."

"What a happy home must yours be!" exclaimed Miser Farebrother, with enthusiasm. "And how glad I am to think that my child has learned from you the lessons which you have taught your own bright children. You hear what your aunt says, Phœbe? Love and obedience are a child's first duties to her parents. Your sainted mother, from celestial spheres"—there was a subtle mockery in his voice and eyes as he raised the latter to the ceiling—"looks down and approves. And now, sir," he said, turning to Fred Cornwall, "to what am I indebted for the favor of a visit from you? It is the second time you have paid me the unsolicited honor."

"I wish to have a few minutes' private conversation with you, sir," said Fred. Hope was slipping from him, but he was prepared to play a manly part.

"I cannot give you a private interview," said Miser Farebrother. "If you have anything to say to me, you can say it now and here. I'll wager you will not be in want of words."

"Father!" whispered Phœbe, entreatingly, but he purposely ignored her.

Fred Cornwall pointed to Jeremiah Pamflett. "As it is your wish, sir, I will say what I have to say before your daughter and her aunt. Perhaps you will ask this gentleman to retire."

"Perhaps I will do nothing of the kind. This young gentleman, Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett, is an old and trusted friend; you are neither one nor the other. Proceed to your business at once, or leave me."

"Let me beg of you—" said Aunt Leth.

He interrupted her with a touch of his caustic humor. "Do not beg of me, sister-in-law; it will be useless; I have nothing to give. Do you intend to speak, sir? You perceive I am not in a fit state to be harassed."

"You leave me no choice, sir. I love your daughter, and she—"

"Stop!" cried Miser Farebrother. "My daughter will speak for herself when she and I are alone. I will not allow you to refer to her."

"But it is necessary, sir," said Fred, respectfully and firmly, "because I am here with her permission."

"Necessary or not, according to your thinking—which is not mine—I will not allow you to refer to her. My house is my own, and I am master in it; let me remind you of that."

"I will do as you wish, sir," said Fred, not daring to look at Phœbe, whose head, bowed upon her breast, was an indication of the agony she was suffering. "I love your daughter, and I come to ask you for her hand. I will do all that a man—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the miser, testily, "we know all that: the old formula. Is that all you have come here for?"

"Is not that enough, sir?"

"Too much. My daughter has other views—I also. I forbid you to speak, Phœbe. Remember the oath you swore upon your dead mother's Bible! Mr. Cornwall, I refuse what you ask. With my permission you will never marry my daughter. Without it, she well knows such an event is impossible, unless she commits perjury. You have not a deep acquaintance with me, sir; but the knowledge of human nature you must have gained as a lawyer will convince you that nothing can turn me from a resolution I have formed, more especially from a resolution in which vital interests are involved—*my* vital interests! My daughter's hand is promised to my manager, Mr. Jeremiah Pamflett."

"Oh, Phœbe!" cried Aunt Leth, with quivering lips and overbrimming eyes. "My poor, poor Phœbe!"

"Spare your heroics," said Miser Farebrother; "we know the value of them. My daughter will give me what she owes me—love and obedience." He rang the bell, and Mrs. Pamflett instantly appeared. "Show these people the door," he said to her; "and if they venture to present themselves here again, send for a policeman and have them locked up. Jeremiah, give my daughter your love-offering."

With a face of triumph Jeremiah started from his chair, and advanced toward Phœbe, holding the flowers for her acceptance.

"Look up, Phœbe," said Miser Farebrother, sternly.

She raised her head, and with a blind look of anguish at her aunt and Fred, stretched forth her trembling arms, as though imploring them to save her. Then her strength gave way, and she fell senseless to the ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DELIGHTFUL MUNICH.

Beer and hot sausage constitute the solid charm of the out-of-door festival in Bavaria, as in other parts of the German Empire. Perhaps the sausage is not hotter, and sputters with no finer effect, than on these occasions elsewhere, but it would be a presumptuous locality which should attempt to wrest the palm from Bavaria in the matter of good beer. The beer of Munich especially has long furnished and still furnishes a model for the world. It was good and famous before hundreds of the beers which have since become popular were brewed or dreamed of. As it is esteemed to-day, so was it esteemed by persons who have long since passed into history, for its wholesomeness, good taste, ample body, and generous flow. It used to be a common saying in North Germany that more beer ran for a groschen in Munich than in other places would run for two.

In the largest of the sketches afforded by Mr. Nichols will be observed a stout gentleman bearing two earthen vessels of ample size. He is following a fashion of primitive origin, which is still observed in the famous Hofbrauhaus of the Bavarian capital. The vessels which he carries are beer mugs with a capacity of about a quart, and he is doing for himself what is done for people by waiters ordinarily. He finds his own mugs, rinses them out, and presents them at the tap for filling; he also goes after his own bread and sausage, and lugs food and drink to the table at which he proposes to make his repast. Probably this simple directness in the fashion of its sale goes a good way to account for the cheapness of the Munich beer. There is another notable point in this sketch. It will be observed that the overturning of a jug of beer upon the ground bothers nobody—it is a mere drop out of the sea—and attracts the attention only of a Munich dog, who knows a good thing when he finds it.

But these, fine as they are, are merely the creature comforts of the Bavarian October festival. There is a charm for the eye which is peculiarly satisfying. The wonder is not that there are so many artists in Munich, but that all Bavarians are not artists. All Bavarian peasants are, in one sense—they are artists in the matter of dress and personal decoration. The velvet doublets and bodices of the Tyrolese, the gold braid, and buttons made of the silver coin of the realm, the snow-white caps, and gracefully tapering braids of the maidens, are very fascinating matters, and make a fine show at a picnic. It is as pleasant a thing as one can well imagine to wander among them and observe them until the eye is satisfied and the stomach begins to assert itself, and then to administer to the stomach at the stand where the sausage is passed out piping hot—or good herring, if you prefer it—and at the font where the beer runs, soothing and foam-crowned.

OUR CHAMPION ATHLETES.

New York may justly feel proud of the strength, speed, and endurance of her amateur athletes. The city can also boast of having the finest club-houses devoted to the fostering of muscular vigor in the world. If any man doubts this statement, a visit to the home of the New York Athletic Club, in Sixth Avenue, or the Manhattan Athletic Club's house, in Fifth Avenue, will convince him of the fact. Representatives from these and other clubs of New York and its suburbs, fresh from the training of such masters of the science as Mr. George Goldie and Mr. John Frazier, have gone forth and vanquished champions of the world, from Europe to the antipodes, while champions coming from abroad have been beaten in foot-races, from a sprint of 100 yards to a run of 610 miles, and also in athletic games of all sorts. The performances of our athletes are fruitful themes of conversation the world over, and these are some of the men talked about:

Mr. C. A. J. Queckberner, the strongest of our athletes, is a man of giant mould. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches in his stockings, weighs 210 pounds, and is twenty-seven years old. Notwithstanding his weight, he is very light on his feet, and delights in long-distance skating. The first exhibition of his tremendous strength was in the Scottish-American tug-of-war team ten years ago, when he won the international championship, and held it for years. He joined the New York Athletic Club five years ago, and during that time he has held the championship for throwing the 56-pound weight, holding the American record at 26 feet 3 inches. This year he won the Canadian and United States championships both in throwing the hammer and the 56-pound weight.

Mr. W. J. M. Barry, who joined the New York Athletic Club last summer, is a man whose Herculean proportions surpass those of Mr. Queckberner. He is twenty-four years old, stands 6 feet 4 inches, and weighs 236 pounds. He is of jovial disposition, and as spry as a harlequin. He was born in Cork, and first developed his strength in the Queen's College Athletic Club. He first appeared in this country with the Irish champion athletes several years ago, and became a general favorite. He liked America so well that he returned last July, and became a permanent resident. Mr. Barry holds the world's record for throwing the 56-pound weight 27 feet. He tosses the 16-pound hammer as lightly as a boy would throw a ball, holding the world's record for sending the hammer from the 7-foot circle a distance of 121 feet 7 inches. He has been fairly successful at the championship games here this season.

Mr. A. A. Jordan is a fine all-round athlete, in addition to being the champion hurdle jumper of America and Canada. He is twenty-five years of age, stands 5 feet 9¾ inches, and weighs 150 pounds when in condition. He runs with the speed and grace of Atalanta, and clears the hurdles with the agility of a greyhound. He began his athletic career as a member of the Pastime Club, and afterward joined the Manhattans. He is now a member of the New York Club. He has held the 120-yard hurdle championship of America for the past three years—something which no other athlete ever accomplished. He holds the record for the distance at 16½ seconds, and from his present style of going promises to excel even this wonderful performance. Last month he made a running broad jump of 22 feet 3½ inches—the best ever made at a championship meeting.

Mr. E. C. Carter is a remarkable runner, who holds American, English, and Canadian championships. He came here two years and a half ago, and joined the Pastimes, winning the cross-country championship for them. He is now a member of the New York Athletic Club, and has improved wonderfully in his speed. He won the 5-mile championship last year and this, and also the 4 and 10 mile championships in England last summer, and the Canadian 2-mile championship both last year and this. He likewise holds the American record from 2½ miles up to 10. He is twenty-five years old, 5 feet 8 inches high, and weighs 118 pounds.

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.

The Western cities have vied with each other in paying honors to President Cleveland during his present visit to them. The first formal reception was at Indianapolis on Saturday, October 1st, where, at the State-house, in the presence of 20,000 people, the President replied to Governor Gray's address of welcome. A brief visit to Mrs. Hendricks followed. The next stop was at Terre Haute, where also Mr. Cleveland addressed a great throng. St. Louis was reached at midnight. The great steel bridge over the Mississippi was brilliantly illuminated as the President's party crossed it in carriages, and a shriek of whistles from steam-boats below signalled their approach to the crowds on the western shore. For a mile from the bridge Washington Avenue had been decked with bunting and illuminated, while at Fourth Street the Cleveland arch, supporting 400 colored lights, was crowned by the President's portrait, with the motto, in gas jets, "Public office is a public trust." Through the cheering throngs the President and Mrs. Cleveland drove rapidly to the house of Mayor Francis. The next day, Sunday, they attended the Washington Avenue Presbyterian Church, where the customary service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Brookes. The afternoon was devoted to a drive.

On Monday the President went to the Fair grounds, where 24,000 school-children were seated in the great amphitheatre to greet him, and sang as his carriage drove into the arena. Five little girls brought the President and his wife a shield made of flowers, and four more, two white and two colored, offered bouquets. While Mrs. Cleveland went to lunch at Mrs. Scanlon's, the President proceeded to the Exchange, where enthusiastic thousands crowded into the great hall, and where he delivered a reply to Mayor Francis's address of welcome. An afternoon public reception in the Lindell parlors and an evening street drive and visit to the Exposition drew enormous throngs. In the midst of Gilmore's programme at the Music Hall portraits of the President and Mrs. Cleveland were shown in cathedral glass, with showers of roses falling upon them. The night closed with a parade of perhaps 20,000 men, on foot or mounted, led by the Hendricks Democratic Association, while the Liederkranz Society and a band, stationed in front of the hotel, serenaded the President at intervals as the procession passed by.

Tuesday began with a review of the Commercial Travellers' Club in front of the Lindell. Then came a public reception and hand-shaking at the Court-house, whose rotunda was decked with flowers, evergreens, and flags. A short trip on a river steam-boat was followed by Mr. and Mrs. Green's lunch party at the club-house on the Fair grounds, and a glance at the racing, while the evening was devoted to the annual street pageant of the Veiled-Prophets, which this year showed Old Testament tableaux. At the ensuing ball of the Prophets, in the Exchange Building, two floral globes were moved by wires so as to hang over the President and his wife.

Wednesday morning, October 5th, found the President's party in Chicago. Forty thousand people were near or about the station, and miles of thoroughfares were so thronged as to frequently check the procession until platoons of the First Cleveland Troop cleared the way. The parade included regulars and militia, sailors and marines, Grand Army posts, firemen, police, and miscellaneous societies. The President was kept constantly bowing and smiling from his carriage till he reached the grand stand, where Mayor Roche welcomed him, Mr. Cleveland making a fitting reply. Mrs. Cleveland meanwhile endeavored to gain the Palmer House for rest, but owing to the crowd proceeded instead to the Union League Club-house. There was a fierce rush at the afternoon public reception at the Palmer House. A double row of police with their clubs kept the President and his party from being crushed. When the line was at last formed, Mr. Cleveland began shaking hands "at the rate of forty-seven per minute," keeping this up until probably 5000 or 6000 people had passed. The evening reception was at the Columbia Theatre, which had been beautifully decorated, 70,000 roses forming a portion of the flowers used. Ten thousand tickets had been issued, and thousands in evening dress were still left in the streets when the reception closed.

Thursday morning began with a rapid drive through the International Encampment. Then the party proceeded to Milwaukee, where a fine procession greeted it. Mayor Wallber delivered the speech of welcome, to which the President replied. A public reception in Schlitz Park, a look at the Exposition, a reception by Mrs. Cleveland at Mrs. Kleek's, and a banquet by the Merchants' Association, at which the President again spoke, closed the day.

THE PIEDMONT EXPOSITION.

The success of the Cotton Exposition held in Atlanta in 1881 was complete. Visitors were amazed by the resources and opportunities of the South. The exposition was the starting-point of the astonishing development which has occurred in that section during the last five years. In Atlanta alone five million dollars has been added to manufacturing investments between 1881 and 1887. Attention has been drawn especially to the Piedmont region, which embraces that country lying between Richmond, Nashville, Montgomery, and Atlanta. The development within that belt has been great, but the possibilities are boundless. To show the resources of this section the Piedmont Exposition, situated in the suburbs of Atlanta, and modelled after the St. Louis Exposition, was opened on October 10th, and will last two or three weeks longer.

The enterprise was suggested early this year by Mr. Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*. The idea met with a ready endorsement. A company was organized, with ample capital, and the execution of the plan was put into good hands. Charles A. Collier, a wealthy Atlanta man, was made President of the company. Mr. Grady accepted the Vice-Presidency, and has exerted his well-known energy for the success of the fair. The scope of the enterprise is such as to enlist the interest of all classes. About $150,000 has been expended in buildings. The main structure is 570 feet long, 126 feet wide, and two stories high, with wings. Many smaller buildings have been erected. There are one thousand stalls for live stock. The exhibit of machinery is equal to that made at the Cotton Exposition, while the display of agricultural products is much larger than that made at the fair of 1881. During the term of the exposition there will be races, military drills, etc. A most interesting study has been made of the actual improvements accomplished in the Piedmont region, together with the resources of the section, and the facts and figures are now ready for the public. President Cleveland will attend on the 17th and 18th inst., and his presence will doubtless draw an immense throng from all parts of the South.

PERSONAL.

Will S. Hays, who has written more popular songs than any other American, is fifty-one years old, and a journalist at Louisville. He began writing when he was sixteen years old. His first successful song was "Evangeline," and his best, "Angels meet me at the cross-roads." Mr. Hays is a large, broad-shouldered man, who looks as though he was an expert with a heavier weapon than the pen. His hair is snow-white and his mustache ink-black.

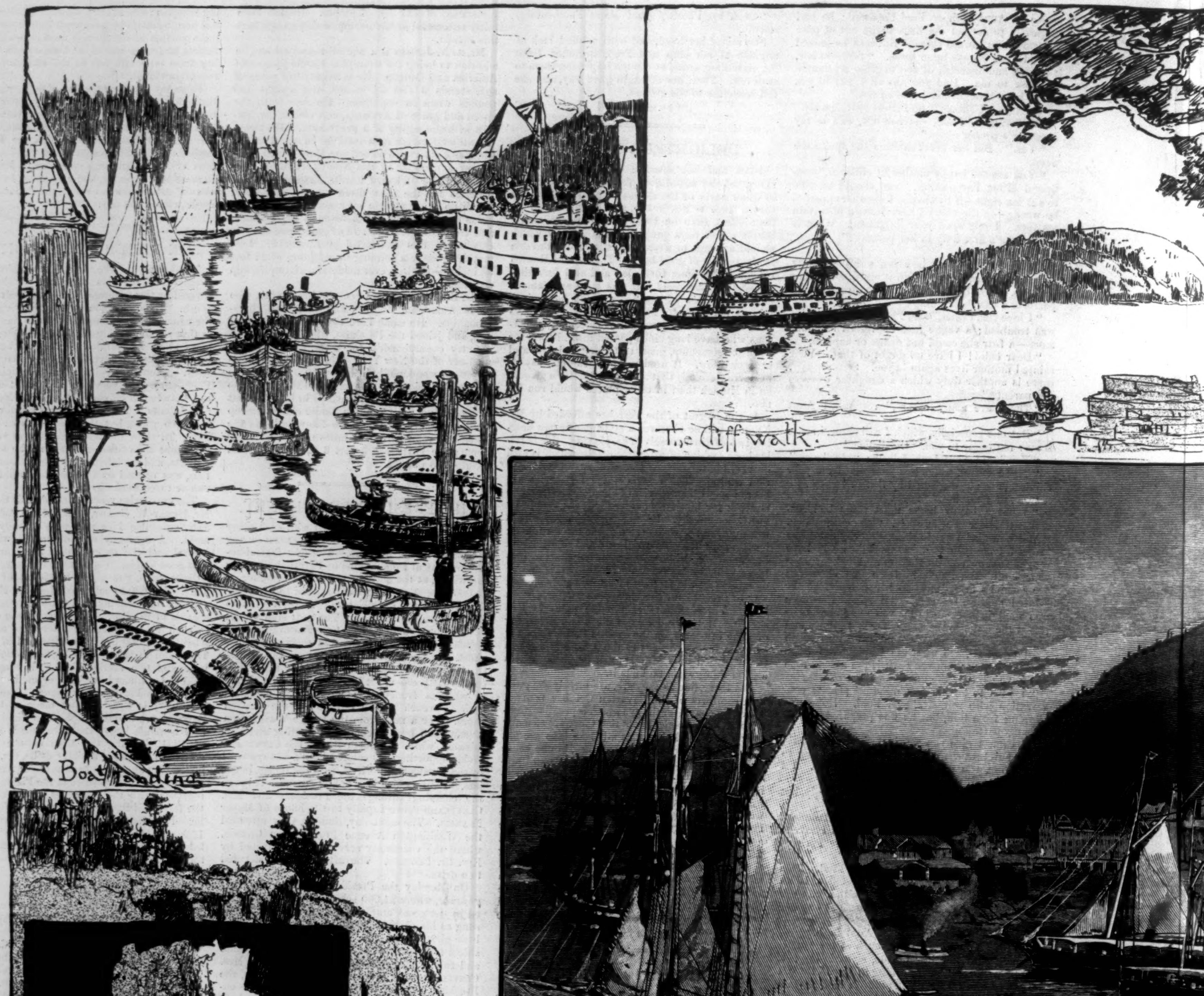
—Rev. Bernard Carpenter has resigned from the Unitarian church of which he was pastor in Boston, and has been succeeded by Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Carpenter is a graduate of Oxford, but has been in this country thirteen years, eight of which were passed in Boston. When he resigned from his recent pastorate his congregation presented him with a check for $10,000.

—Walter Damrosch will precede the symphony concerts and rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera-house, New York, with a lecture, in which he will explain by word of mouth and piano the music on the programme of each concert. The idea was suggested to Mr. Damrosch by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, for the benefit of whose guests in Scotland he gave an impromptu performance of this sort.

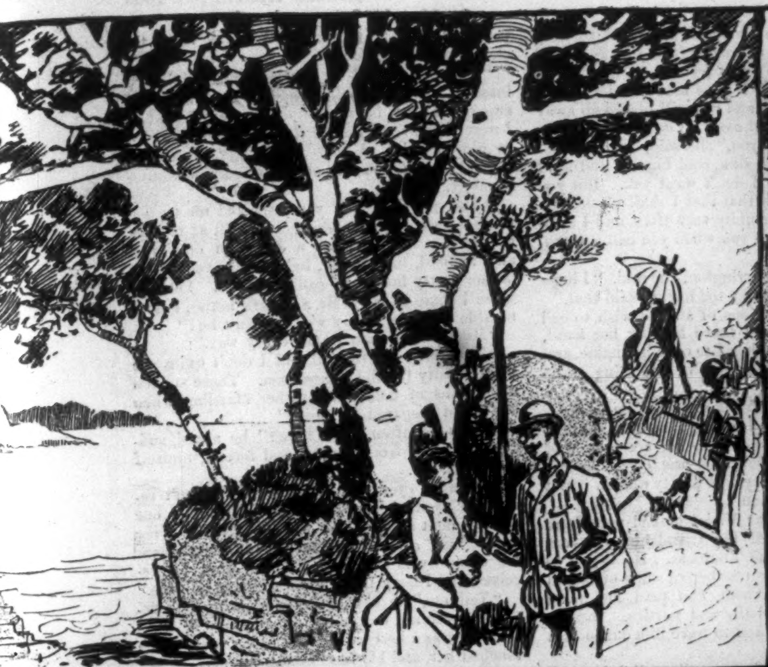
—The father of Steele Mackaye, the actor and playwright, is still living, at the age of eighty-six. He is a typical old Scotchman, and notwithstanding his years, goes travelling about the continent of Europe with as much interest as though he had hardly reached half that age. An ancestor of Mr. Mackaye's, on his mother's side, lived to be one hundred and twenty-two years of age, so Mr. Steele Mackaye says.

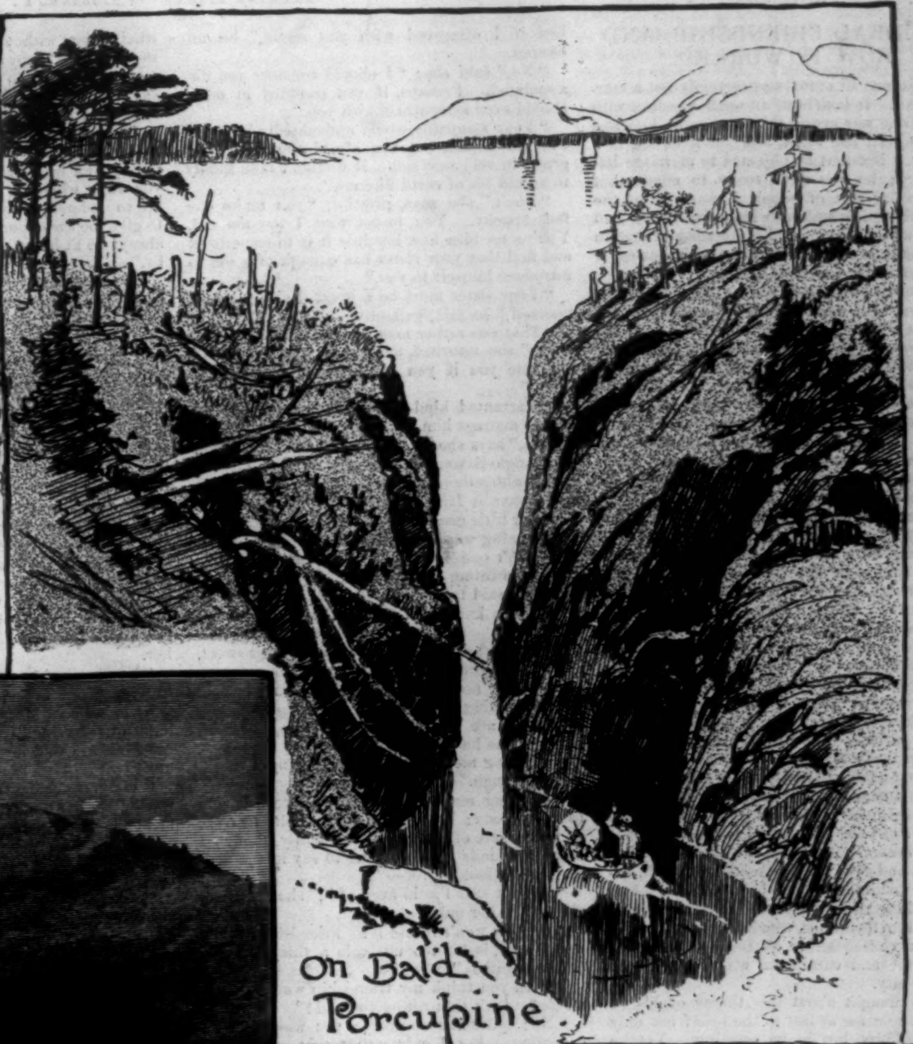
—Sir Thomas Gratton Esmonde is one of the few titled Irishmen connected with home rule interests. Sir Thomas is a young man, and had thought very little about the political condition at home until one day, while out hunting with his parish priest, that gentleman accidentally sent the contents of his gun into the young baronet's knee, and while laid up with his wound he spent his time in studying the history of Ireland, and in that way became a convert to home rule.

—James Burrell Angell, of Michigan, one of the gentlemen who have been selected by Secretary Bayard to act with him in the fisheries negotiations, is a man of exceptional cultivation. At the age of twenty-four he was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at the Brown University; during the civil war was editor of the Providence *Journal;* after that he was made President of the University of Vermont, which position he resigned to accept the Presidency of the University of Michigan. Mr. Angell was Minister to China under President Hayes.


A Boat Landing
The Cliff walk
Bar Harbor
In the Arch
Cathedral Rock
The Ovens

MOUNT DESERT AND BAR HARBOR—

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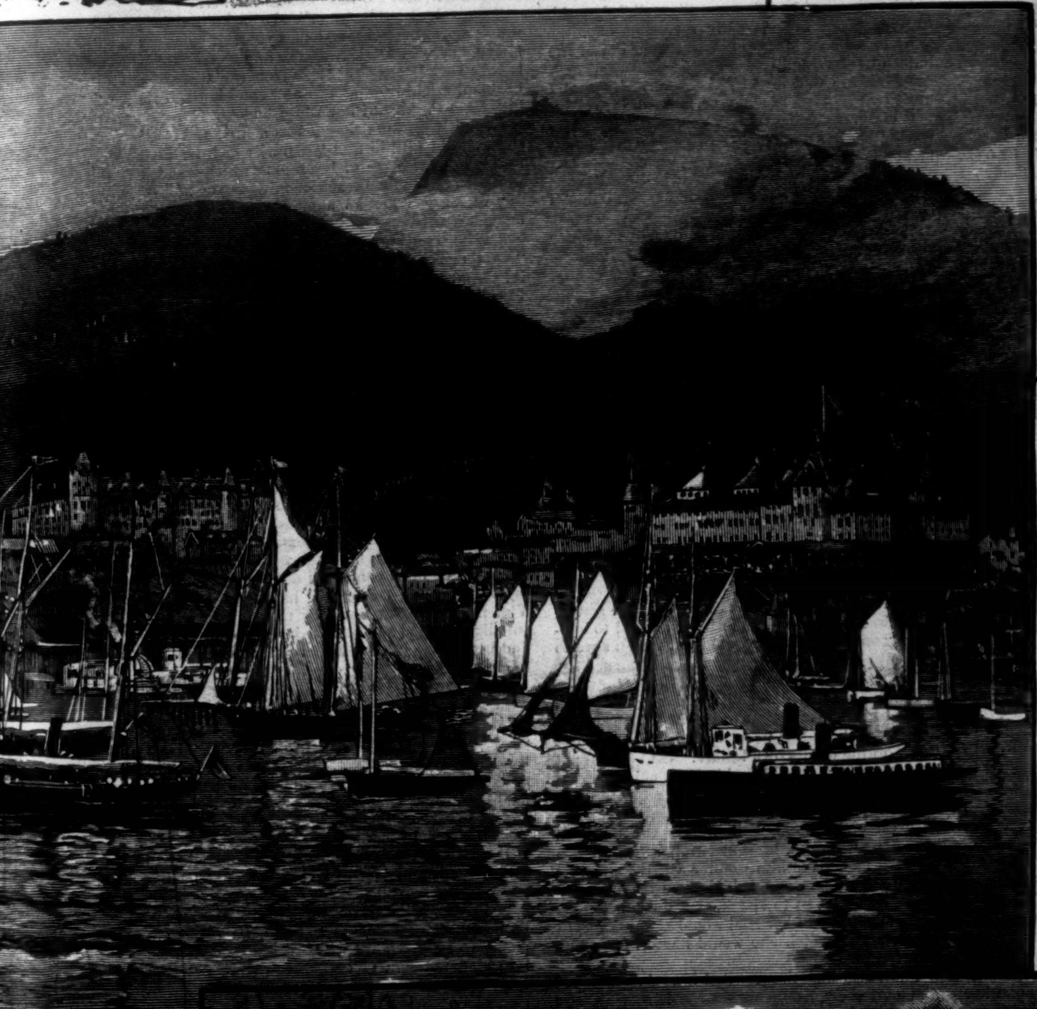

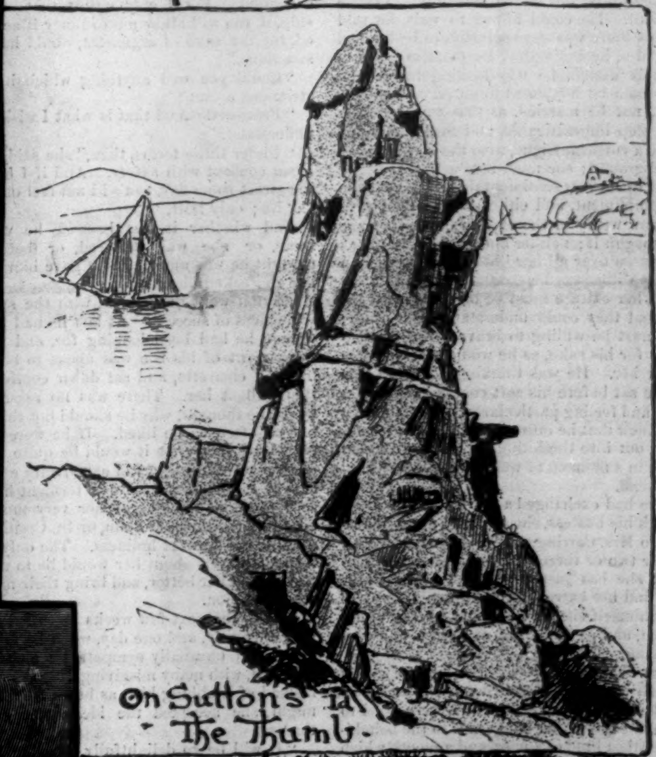
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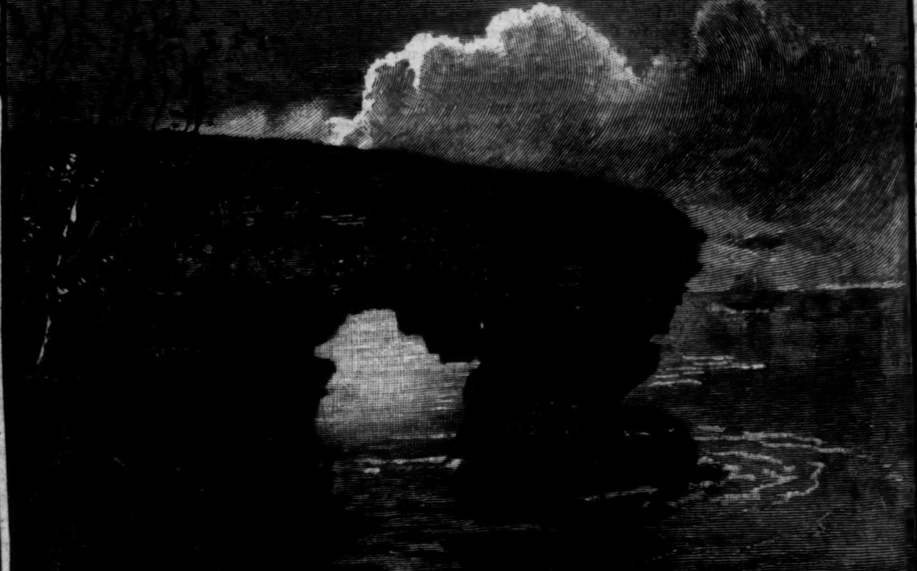
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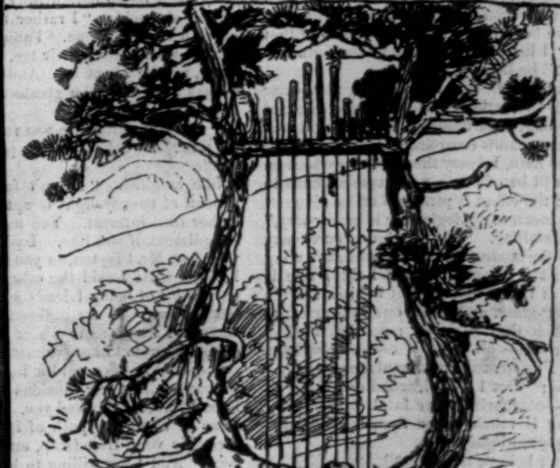


—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 747.]

AN IDEAL FRIENDSHIP, AND HOW IT WORKED.

Mr. Harold Clayton was certainly not a marrying man. It had been an open question with him until he was nearly thirty, when he knocked it on the head one night, and put it to bed in a pine box. Not that he objected to marriage impersonally; he was quite ready to admit that for every-day sort of people it was one of the best working institutions which civilization had evolved, and when any of his friends told that he was engaged he congratulated him with the proper amount of fervor and good feeling. It was only, as he expressed it to a maiden aunt who had asked him, with tears in her kind eyes, why he didn't get a little wife to pour his coffee for him, that he was too deucedly comfortable as he was. If he married just the right sort of girl, and lived the life which about one couple in a thousand did, he acknowledged that his happiness would be of a much higher kind than that which he now enjoyed. But the chances were that he would sacrifice a huge amount of comfort for a multitude of petty cares and vexations, and he idealized the comfortable.

Still, he had a theory of companionship, which he believed, for certain constituted people, like himself, who were willing to sacrifice some prejudices for future good, would be much more elevated and satisfactory than a conventional married existence. He held that an ideal friendship between a man and a woman was not only possible, but would be highly delightful. How many unpleasant discoveries it would hinder! how much unhappiness it would obviate! All that terrible ordeal of wedded intimacy would be avoided, all those little concealments of personal weakness would be possible. You need never know that she did up those lovely locks in curl-papers, or she that you counted the change in your trousers pockets. It would be an intimacy of the purest and most spiritual kind, the sort of thing which the world had been dreaming about ever since it began to dream. A cup of happiness without any dregs, and love which would never pall, because one would never have too much of it. And he watched the young people about him plunging recklessly into flirtations, which must end in such unpleasant consequences as broken hearts, or wedding-cake and catnip tea, with the greatest amount of pity.

He had thought about this theory of his so much that he came at last to the belief not only in its possibility, but in its certainty. Yet he was patient. He could afford to wait, he told himself, as there was no conclusion to be hurried on. Besides, he knew that he must not expect to find this woman he was looking for in any drawing-room he happened to enter. Of course she must not be married, as that would render the first step impracticable, and turn the whole thing into a vulgar intrigue, with the divorce court for a background; she must not be too young, or she would turn every sentimental remark he made into a compliment, and either fall in love with him or grow weary of the experiment before she had well begun it; neither must she be so old as to have gotten over all her illusions, for a woman without any illusions he considered unbearable. Then, too, her culture must be on a par with his own, so that they could understand each other; and she must be willing to brave a few conventionalities for his sake, as he would give up some things for her. He was thinking about all this now, as he sat before his soft coal fire smoking a cigarette, and feeling particularly comfortable, because he knew that he must dress himself presently and go out into the biting air to an afternoon tea, which in a moment of weakness he had promised to attend.

After he had exchanged a few conventional remarks with his hostess, she said: "I want to present you to Mrs. Carrington. She has been living abroad for two or three years, since her husband died, and she has just returned to New York. You will find her extremely charming." And so he found himself sitting on a sofa beside Violet Carrington, and as he looked at her he was very glad he came.

She was distinctly pretty. She had soft silky hair, which was neither golden nor brown, but a little of both, big dark eyes, which were good to look into, though rather dangerous to the beholder, the prettiest kind of a nose, and a mouth which looked so sweet when she smiled that you thought it must have been particularly designed for that purpose. "I hope you don't find New York disappointing?" he began.

"Disappointing?" she asked, in a soft, clear voice, which the little English inflection she had acquired rendered particularly pleasant and musical. "That sounds complimentary; but as I'm going to live here, I fancy the effect I produce on New York will be of much more consequence to myself than the effect it produces on me."

"I didn't mean to apologize for it in any way," he returned, smiling. "It would be rather cheeky in me to do the modest proprietor over such a big place. What I meant was that I think one is apt to look at things one has left behind through a magnifying-glass, and when one gets back to the actualities they seem so much smaller by comparison, that is all."

"I know I've wasted my advantages awfully," she returned; "but I have learned one thing all these years—comparisons are fatal."

"Learning is much easier than application," he replied, sententiously.

"You don't believe me, then?"

"I believe your intentions."

"That is very uncomplimentary. Intentions are supposed to be the groundwork of a certain place."

"Yet they are the beginning of all that is good."

"Like love's young dream," she replied, laughing.

"I suppose you would consider me very crabbed if I disagreed with you again," he answered.

"No," said she; "I should consider you disappointed. Perhaps, if you confided in me, I should even sympathize with you."

"Your sympathy would undoubtedly be a motive for action, but I'm afraid the plant only grows in very new soil. It wouldn't take kindly to an old bit of earth like me."

"Don't," she says, prettily; "you make one feel spooky. You forget that I too am old. You've no idea how horrible it is to come back and find that your sister has enough of a son to introduce himself to you."

"Your sister must be a great deal older than yourself," he said, gallantly.

"That *was* rather neat, for the spur of the moment," she returned, smiling at him. "I shall cultivate you if you are given to that sort of thing."

"Warranted kind and gentle; a woman can always manage him."

"No," says she; "I'm afraid I can't trust you. You Anglo-Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic expect altogether too much from a woman. You will always be falling in love with her. See those two dear little geese over there drinking down tea and burning words. I fear it is a very bad case. Why can't one of you be friends with a woman without wanting to own her? A wise old English lady said to me once only angels and good Frenchmen know how to be friends with a woman."

He started a little. Could it be that this sweet, ingenuous young widow, looking at him quite seriously over her teacup, was the woman he had been searching for?

"There are exceptions to all rules," he said, as lightly as he could.

"Meaning me?" she asked, laughing a frank, friendly laugh.

"Meaning me. You see, I'm a sworn enemy to matrimony; I believe it is decidedly *de trop*, and that sort of thing; and evidently, though I know it sounds cheeky in me to say it, the article you are looking for—"

"I'm not sure I'm in need of it," she returned, giving him her cup.

"But you won't refuse it? Friendship, as the world goes, is far too unstable a thing even to create negation."

"Then you think my friendship would be unstable? Isn't that rather too bad?"

"No; quite the contrary; you would be an exception. But I only meant that our friendship, if you will allow me to fancy it accomplished, for the sake of argument, would have no restrictions."

"Could you call anything which had no restrictions a fact?"

"Precisely. And that is what I wished you to understand."

"Under those terms, then," she said, "I think I can consent with safety. And if I cut you on the street some day, you will not feel offended?"

"No; only hurt."

And whether it was because he was handsome, or she was flattered, or because she thought he was amusing, she gave him her number and asked him to call.

Clayton went home filled with the sweet consciousness of success. At last he had found the woman he had been looking for, and the great experiment of his life was about to begin. So he lit a cigarette, and sat down comfortably to think about her. There was no reason in the world, he thought, why he should not think about her as often as he liked. If he were going to marry her, of course it would be quite different. Then certain questions of expediency and of success or failure would arise to torment him. But as it was, he thought of her very much as he might of the Apostle John, or St. Cecilia, or any other bit of defunct holiness. The only effect of his meditations about her would be to make him understand her better, and bring their minds into a closer union.

And in the next few weeks he called upon her very diligently, and one day, when he fancied she was in an unusually sympathetic mood, he propounded, with many misgivings, his scheme. But instead of snubbing him, as he half expected she might, she accepted the idea quite enthusiastically.

"It will be so delightfully puzzling to everybody!" she said. "I rather think I shall enjoy being a social enigma. Fancy how wretched all the old women over their tea, and the men at the clubs, will be about it! And remember, you are always to pay me the greatest possible attention before people."

"Are you quite sure you realize the gravity of all this?" he asked, a little perplexed by her attitude.

She laughed. "I don't fancy," she said, "a woman of twenty-eight is apt to be wholly blind to her own interest. You may accept that as a compliment, if you like. I will be quite as frank with you, Mr. Clayton, as you have been with me. I meant what I said the other day about the impossibility of being friends with an Anglo-Saxon, but I think you are different. I don't wish to marry—I know more about that even than you do—neither do I like a woman for a friend. *Comprenez-vous?* You said a little while ago that a woman without any illusions was unbearable. I hope I haven't shocked you. Please consider all mine lie along the path of friendship. I accept seriously your friendship, and I give you mine. See? And I am willing to let you into as much of my inner life as will be necessary for you to know to understand me. The only condition I shall make is absolute secrecy, not because I wish this affair to degenerate into a vulgar intrigue, for that would disgust me, but because we are not iron, my friend, and no one can see the end of a road on which he starts in this life. What you say about preserving certain illusions about each other is also quite true, and I shall do what I can, without being hypocritical, to keep the dark side of my character from you, as I shall expect you to keep yours from me. And now," she added, "I think I have made rather a long speech for a woman, and you will please go away and let me think it all over. You see I am going to be quite free with you," she said, laughing, and letting him hold her slim, cool hand, "and send you away whenever I don't want you. But you are to understand by that that I shall expect you to give me the opportunity very often, and I shall always be at home to you when you call. Good-by."

"Good-by—Mrs. Carrington," he said. "I hope I sha'n't make you sorry for having said that."

He had been conscious of an odd wish to call her Violet, as he stood there holding her hand, which had made him hesitate over her name, and he laughed at the absurdity of the thing as he walked home.

"She was certainly frank with me," he thought. The idea even occurred to him that what she had said might be construed into her acceptance of him as a utility. But then the consciousness that you are a necessity to a pretty woman is not unpleasant to most men.

But in whatever way Violet looked upon him, she certainly accepted his friendship with the greatest cordiality and kindness. He began to consume a prodigious number of cups of tea in her pretty drawing-room, and paid her most marked attention at balls and parties. Indeed, she hinted that she liked to have him dance with her.

"You really do waltz unusually well," she said, "and you are not eternally reversing one, like most men here. I have gotten rather out of the habit of reversing."

"I always told myself," he returned, "that I must be prepared to make certain sacrifices."

"You have evidently told yourself that our intimacy has gotten beyond the stage of compliments," she replied.

"It would be very useless if it had not."

"Yet one does not always like useful things best."

"So you really have the bad taste to prefer sugar-plums to tonics," he says. "I shall be charmed to administer them. Shall I begin on your gown or yourself?"

"On my gown. My person is altogether beyond my own control; I am responsible to myself for my gown. *Do* you think it fetching?"

"Men say it is lovely—you see how I listen when my friend is talked over—and women say nothing, but look."

"I hope you didn't invent that. But you—you see I insist on particularizing—do you like it? I thought of you when I put it on."

"If you told me you selected it with reference to me, I should consider you charming in a calico frock. But now—ah, well, why should one say everything one feels?"

"Now I am satisfied," she said, giving him a glance out of those dangerous eyes as he put his arm about her slender waist.

"How flat all that little talk would have sounded between a husband and wife!" he said to himself; "one or the other would have been sure to have uttered some vulgar truism, and turned the whole thing into a squabble."

But for all this fine soliloquizing, and though he told himself he ought to be the happiest man in the world, he had to confess that this scheme was working out its own failure. Still, he did not honestly think it had been his fault, neither could he discover that Violet had been lacking in any essential particular. She had certainly been sympathetic and candid with him in the extreme. The extent, indeed, of some of her mental disclosures had made him wonder a little. But he felt that their intimacy had gone as far as it could, and was, so to speak, at a dead-lock; the inner sanctuary of her soul would always be shut off by a veil, which she would never lift to him as a friend.

The talk which they created in society annoyed him extremely, as he was a sensitive man, and made him feel, when he met her out, as if he were performing for the benefit of somebody else; but it was the effect on himself which distressed him most. There was always, even in his happiest moments with her, a feeling of disappointment, something expected and not realized, which puzzled him. Then, too, that indefinite lack of something of which he had always been conscious began to narrow into a definite want. Even his rooms, after he had been with her, seemed to have lost that air of bachelor comfort which they had ever possessed; and there was a certain large plush carved easy-chair beside his fire, in which he constantly saw, in spite of himself, a perfectly dressed figure, with a head which was neither golden nor brown, but a little of both, and a pair of the daintiest feet in the world crossed on his fender. One day when he was in a particularly sentimental frame of mind he told her of this, and said, allowing himself to look into her eyes, that he always called it her chair.

"Now really that's uncommonly friendly of you," she said, softly. "I shall come to your rooms some afternoon with my aunt, and see how I like my throne."

"But you mustn't expect to transfer it," he returned. "That is the only piece of furniture I own which I couldn't do without."

The climax was reached when he entered her drawing-room one afternoon, and found a man noted for his success with women sitting calmly on the sofa opposite her with an at-home sort of air. He was startled, troubled, but he felt that his intimacy warranted a little rudeness, so he quietly sat down and determined to wait his rival out, and learn what he must prepare himself for.

"Don't you think Mr. St. Mark very charming?" she asked, innocently, after her visitor had departed, settling herself back in her chair and folding her hands, as she usually did when she prepared to talk to him. "I think he is the cleverest man I know."

"Do you really?" he returned, poking the fire intently, with his back turned toward her. "I suppose it must be my obtuseness, but I confess I never discovered anything particularly brilliant in him myself. A man's stupidity, as a rule, doesn't dawn on one till one gets to know him intimately."

"You say that as if you expected me to dispute it," she says, watching him still at the fire business, with her head a little on one side, and an odd, half tender, half mischievous smile on her pretty face. "I can't just yet. Perhaps when I come to know Mr. St. Mark better, I shall be able to. He is very well off, isn't he?"

"Much better than I am—every way."

"That may be truthful, but I don't quite see the necessity for the comparison. These sudden admissions of defect are rather startling when one is not prepared for them."

"Does he often come here?" he asked, suddenly, turning from the fire and forcing himself to look at her.

Her large eyes flashed a little. "I don't remember that there was anything said in our arrangement about whom I should receive in my house," she said. "I hope he will come often. He certainly is very grateful for what he receives, and I have never known him to be rude."

"Tell me," he says, quickly, ignoring her defiance, "you are not going to marry him?"

There was a beseeching ring in his voice which touched her, and his face was so intense.

"Does it trouble you?" she asked, softly, watching him. "Ah, no! rest yourself easy, my friend. Mr. St. Mark from the angle of a friend is very well, but Mr. St. Mark from the angle of a husband would be—pouf!" and she blew a little kiss from the tips of her white fingers.

"Don't you think that it was a little unkind," she went on, still in that low tone which he liked best, "to accuse me of intentions which—which would have been a breach of faith to you?"

"Violet, you are an angel!" cried the young man, excitedly.

"Take care, my friend," she says, quietly. "That rather borders on the dangerous, doesn't it? And I don't remember that I ever asked you to call me by my first name."

"I beg your pardon," he returned, penitently. "I have no right, I know, to come nearer to you than you wish me; but I always think of you as Vi—by your first name."

"Then think of me so always," she says, tremulously, with her eyes downcast. "And go away now, please, Harold;" and his name seemed to come spontaneously from her lips, as though from some force beyond her own control.

Clayton went out with his head in a whirl, but by the time he had reached his own rooms his ideas began to arrange themselves somewhat. He felt that the time for mental shillyshallying was past, and that, however painful the result might be, he must come to a definite understanding with himself concerning his feelings toward Violet. So he sat down by that fire by whose soft light he had so often conjured up her image, and began to put himself through a merciless set of questions.

Why was he pained to see St. Mark talking with her? Because he was jealous. Who was he jealous about? Violet. And his heart leaped as he remembered her soft voice saying, "Then think of me so always." Why was he jealous about Violet? He waited some time before he could bring himself to answer this last, but at length he forced himself to reply. Because he was in love with her.

But he had a much more difficult question to ask himself, and one to which it would be impossible for him to make a categorical answer, namely, did Violet love him? With the exception of her little speech to-night, he could not recall a single remark which could be construed into an admission of tenderness, and even that might have been quite as much the expression of friendship as of affection. He was very much ashamed. And yet he asked himself if, after all, the power to recognize so much soul beauty in a fellow-mortal, and a particularly pretty fellow-mortal, so to be brought into unconscious subjection, was not more a sign of strength than of weakness. It was simply that his soul had refused to subject itself to his chains of theory, and had perfected itself, even against his will, by love. Still, he was a good deal frightened at the situation, and I think the thought that he must confess to this woman, who respected him so highly, that he had been weak enough to fall in love with her, was hardest of all for him. It is certainly not a pleasant thing to have to acknowledge one's self beaten in one's own game, or to confess yourself morally weaker than the woman you love, with the chance of being rejected and despised. Nevertheless, partly because he felt himself incapable of carrying on this horrid hypocrisy any farther, and partly because the certainty of failure even would be preferable to this terrible uncertainty, he determined to ask her to marry him on the first opportunity.

His declaration, however, was hurried on by his coming unannounced into her drawing-room one evening and finding her with her face buried in her handkerchief.

She raised her eyes as he entered, and he saw that she had been crying. "Good heavens!" he cried, "what has happened? Don't look so distressed, or I shall go mad. Tell me what has happened, Violet—tell me!"

She calmed herself with a great effort as she saw him, and rising, said, rather coldly: "It is nothing I can tell you, Mr. Clayton. Each of us, I suppose, has trials which it would be impossible for the other to share in or understand. I fancied we comprehended that. Perhaps I was grieving over my past, or troubled about my future. There is surely enough sorrow in either direction to make one cry. You may consider either the case, if you wish. But I think you transgressed, just again, with my name."

"I beg your pardon," he said, stiffly. "I dare say when I get into the habit of seeing you crying I shall be able to control my feelings better."

"If you had gone to the trouble of announcing yourself, perhaps you would not have been subjected to the affliction," she returned, meanly.

"That is a fault, however, which I can partly rectify by going now," he replied, moving toward the door.

"No," she says, weakly, "don't go. Is it quite the best means of comforting one you are aware of to say nasty things to them?"

"All my modes of comforting seem to meet with the same success," he answers, gloomily.

"Are your resources exhausted?" she asks, presently, smiling at him a little, "or shall I consider that you think your presence ought to be enough for my happiness?"

"Don't make fun of me!" returns the young man, sternly. "You may be the stronger of us —I dare say you are—but remember, my fall, if it be a fall to you, is not my fault."

But she does not quail beneath his gaze as he stands before the fire looking down at her.

"And am I to lose you, my friend?" she says, sadly. "Well, perhaps it is best. I am a great believer in the fitness of things. Our partnership has been very pleasant, but you are free—you remember what I said about that?—and if you feel yourself unsafe, it is I who bid you go."

"Are you quite sure you do right to despise me?" he said, slowly. "Wait a second. I admit that I have failed, and that I love you; but is it strange to you that I should? It is not to me. My soul needed you for its completion, and it absorbed you in spite of me. Do you understand? I say in spite of me! Thank God, you cannot take that away from me! Is it singular that a man should not be able to make himself over, at thirty-three, for a theory? Women may have the power to assimilate and not become attached; I have not. I do not hesitate to say—yes, I am proud to say—I love you. I love you now, and shall love you always. You cannot help that any more than you can help being beautiful."

"And I," she said, suddenly, raising that sweet face, full of womanly love and purity, and letting those eyes, tear-dimmed and beautiful, speak for her—"do you think I can let the truest man I have ever known so cruelly misunderstand me? Look! I can humble myself in the dust before you, and tell you why I was crying. When I first met you you only amused me. Then I began to like you. Then you proposed your scheme to me. You know what I said about that. I had had enough of marriage, God knows, to an old man I hated, and I thought this would be just what I was wishing for, giving me companionship and leaving me free. Ah, well! we have both made a mistake. Is it too late?"

He had stood quite apathetic when she began; but when he came to understand her drift, when he heard that question come trembling from those lips so sweet and kissable, he took a quick little step toward her, and caught both her hands in his.

"Violet," he cried, "do you mean that you could possibly get on with me as a husband?"

"I'm afraid I couldn't," she said, charmingly; "but I'm willing to try. And you must call me Violet as often as ever you can."

THE LAND OF THE MOUNSEER.

By MAX O'RELL.

THE FRENCH IN LOVE.

There is probably no being in whom the bump of amativeness is more developed than it is in the Frenchman. The poor fellow must love; he cannot help it.

At twelve years of age he is deeply in love with a little girl he has met with her mamma in one of the public gardens of the town, and to whom he prettily lifts his hat before beginning a game of ball or hide-and-seek. He does not declare his love. In the distance he throws rapturous kisses at "her"; when near, he casts down his eyes and looks silly. He dreams that his little lady-love is being carried off by some miscreant, that he comes to her rescue, saves her, throws himself at her feet, and declares himself her slave forever.

At fifteen, he loves a portly matron of some forty summers, to whom he sends anonymous verses. He loves in silence once more. Like Fortunio, in Alfred de Musset's celebrated comedy, he loves too much to say whom he loves, and would die without telling her name.

From eighteen to twenty he loves public characters. Actresses have drawers full of poetical effusions addressed to them by the upper forms of our public schools.

At twenty—well, at twenty, the less we speak of what he loves the better. *Il faut que jeunesse se passe*, say the French as an excuse. The best excuse, however, that can be advanced in his favor is that his education, as I have attempted to explain in one of these papers, does not prepare him for manhood. Indeed, the French boy's change from youth to manhood is like a shooting of rapids. He has never known what it is to be free; how can he be expected, as a rule, to make good use of liberty the first time he is thrown into the world? The break is sudden, a plunge that often threatens a capsize.

From twenty to twenty-five he seldom marries. When he does, he often makes a *mésalliance*. He has noticed a pretty little milliner passing every day at the same place. He has admired her; by-and-by he follows her, proposes matrimony, and marries her. The parents at first grumble, will have nothing to do with the young couple for some time, and generally relent on the arrival of the first baby.

As a rule, the Frenchman does not marry before he has reached the age of thirty. From thirty to thirty-five is the age at which he takes the great step.

Old bachelors are not impervious to Cupid's darts. You often see Frenchmen entering the holy estate for the first time at fifty or sixty. Their decided love for good cookery and white linen frequently beguiles them into marrying their cook or laundress. These are the brides often led to the altar by retired officers, and installed in apartments in some suburb of Paris.

The Frenchman has this characteristic feature in common with men of all countries: each time that he loves, it is forever. When crossed in love, he seldom goes the length of committing suicide. He does not go in for such extreme measures; he generally prefers resorting to homœopathy; he loves "another." Like cures like: *similia similibus curantur*.

In love-making the Frenchman is often a comedian. He does not, however, always know it; he is deceived. He will swear that if *she* does not accept him he will throw himself into the river. He does not believe a word of it, nor does she; but, all the same, she likes to hear it. "He loves her as no one ever loved a woman"; and these time-honored platitudes sound fresh and sweet to the French woman's ears as if they were of her lover's own composition. Perhaps he has heard these expressions before; perhaps he has not; they come naturally to him. A writer has called this *posing*—"a sort of play between sexes, where man assumes those airs calculated to disturb woman's peace of mind, and where she resembles an angel condescending to visit this poor earth to dally a few months with this adorer." This is not flirtation, for in France a man never pays to a woman "attention without intention." It is the comedy of love, and those who play in it think of matrimony—of some sort or other.

Flirtation is not a French pastime. A few married women may indulge in it, but girls, whatever may be said to the contrary, never do. A woman who flirted would pass in France for giddy, not to say fast; she knows her countrymen too well for that. She is aware, when she coquettes with them, what she is exposing herself to. A French novelist has aptly compared the game of flirtation to a popular sport among Mexican riders, which consists of riding full speed at a yawning precipice, the horse being stopped abruptly on the very brink. The zest of the amusement is in each case derived from the avoidance of a catastrophe by the closest possible shave. If French girls felt inclined for a little flirtation, how could they indulge in it? Good heavens! What would her mother and father say if they saw her taking a walk by herself during the day—if it came to their knowledge that a young man had actually dared to whisper words of love into her ear before he had laid bare his heart and made a clear statement of his finances to them in the first place? Even when he has obtained the consent of the parent, and his visits to the house where his *fiancée* resides are permitted, the young couple are not allowed to see each other even for a moment without the presence of a third party, and the little intimacies and endearments which in England are deemed harmless, are in France rigorously banished and forbidden. The pleasant operation familiar to English lovers by the term of "spooning" is absolutely unknown to courtship as practised in France. What would you think of the young lady in Victorien Sardou's comedy of *Les Vieux Garçons*, who, finding herself alone with her lover—a lover to whom she is engaged to be married—reproaches him with having ventured into her presence when he knew that her parents were out, and that she was alone at home?

"*N'est-ce pas que c'est bon d'être ensemble!*" pleads the young man.

"*Je n'ai pas dit que ce ne fût pas bon,*" replies the young lady, in neat epigrammatic style; "*j'ai dit que ce n'était pas bien.*"

This declaration of the young girl is always received by the audience by a round of applause, intended, partly no doubt, for the nicety of M. Sardou's language, but chiefly for the very correct sentiments of the affectionate yet indignant *fiancée*.

As soon as two young French people are in love they want to die, unless their parents immediately consent to their marriage, which is very seldom the case. Well, to wish to die under these circumstances is a trifle irrational, but love and reason seldom go together. Of course they never do die They live all the while, and are almost inclined to think that, in love matters, plain sailing is not so sweet or so romantic as obstacles to overcome. What lovely letters crossed love suggests to them! letters invariably written at midnight—French lovers never write by day. Midnight, "when all is in repose around them." Letters full of "All is known, we are lost! What will become of us? Ah! forget me as soon as you can; we shall never be each other's. As for me, I shall die of it, I know I shall. Then you will marry another woman. I will pray in heaven for your happiness. Perhaps now and then you will come to the cemetery and lay a bunch of violets on my tomb. You know, beloved one, that violets are my favorite flowers. You won't forget that, will you? I weep, I weep, and I weep. Farewell." And this shiver-giving letter, how to post it the following day? The poor child cannot go out alone. The house-maid is coaxed and bribed. She becomes the confidante. She posts the letter, receives the answer, and plays the part of *Mercure galant*.

Cupid may delight in mystery, but this is not business. However, things come right in time, as we shall presently see.

When the Frenchman in love has an opportunity of making a *viva voce* declaration to the mistress of his heart, he generally sets about it in theatrical fashion. He goes down on his knee. Now a man, except he be very young, with irreproachable features, can scarcely afford to do this; he runs a thousand risks of appearing ridiculous and showing his little defective points. While he is on his feet, that small bald spot on the very top of his head is not noticeable, and the unpicturesque male attire of the nineteenth century looks well enough. But let a man, who is no longer a slim Apollo, get down on his knee, and pour passionate protestations to a woman with the slightest sense of the ridiculous, and I maintain he is running a risk of killing what little tender sentiment she may have for him. His face is red, or perhaps purple, with the unwonted exertion and excitement as he warms to his subject; out of this red face gleam two eyes that show all their white. All the time the little demon of observation may take the inventory of all these blemishes. No, no; a man should not allow a woman to contemplate him in such a servile attitude. He should not abdicate his dignity in going on his knees to implore favors that the dear fellow is probably destined to pay enough for.

All this puts me in mind of a play of Emile Augier, in which an aristocratic lady relates how she was saved from a foolish entanglement of her affections by her lover going down on his knees and declaring his passion. He had on his nose a little wart, which at ordinary times was scarcely noticeable, but as the poor fellow grew more and more carried away by his fervor, redder and redder grew this innocent little excrescence, till at last the comicality of the thing struck her, and she could not help bursting out laughing. "That wart saved me!" she exclaims, to the delight of her lady friends on the stage and of the audience.

Let us now come to matrimony. I have already said that young people in France cannot marry without their parents' consent, and that at no matter what age. However, when a man is over twenty-five and a girl over twenty-one, they may compel their parents to give them that consent. This extreme measure is very seldom resorted to, for it has to take the form of a summons through a notary; but relentless parents sometimes wish to receive such summonses, in order to be able one day to tell their children, in case the match should prove an unhappy one, that they wash their hands of it. As soon as the young lover is accepted by the girl's parents he is received in the family, not, however, on terms of intimacy as in England. He pays frequent but official visits, brings presents to the young lady, many of which afford him the opportunity of conveying to her a little *billet-doux*. The day before the wedding he brings the *corbeille*; that is to say, a casket containing valuable presents of lace, jewelry, etc. The contract of marriage, settling money matters, is signed before a notary and in the presence of the relations and the most intimate friends of the bride and bridegroom. As a rule, they are married by the mayor of the town on that day. The real wedding is a religious ceremony that takes place the following day in the morning. People with the little pretension to style have for many years followed the English fashion of going away for the honey-moon as soon as the wedding breakfast is over. But twelve or fourteen years ago such was not the practice; high and low spent their wedding-day much alike; that is to say, as the lower middle classes still do.

This is how the eventful day is passed.

The morning is like the proverbial April one, all smiles and tears. The process of the elaborate toilet is interrupted at every moment by tender embraces. Mamma, between the pauses of the petticoats, must clasp her dear Fifine in her arms, and listen to her assurances that "she can never, never be so happy as she has been with her dear *petite mère*," at any rate, not happier. But neither tears nor embraces have hindered the little white-robed figure from being decked very effectively. At last all are quite ready, and the bridegroom having arrived, the bridal party sets out for church, the bride and her father occupying the first carriage, and the bridegroom and his future mother-in-law the second. The friends follow, and in this order the little procession marches up to the altar. The service is followed by a short address to the happy pair—a sermon on matrimony by one who knows nothing about it. This being duly administered, the company proceed to the vestry, and no sooner are they there than mamma falls again on the neck of her sweet child, and again gives way to her feelings. Indeed, by this time the event is felt to be a great one all round, and one that demands much outlet for the feelings. Everybody kisses everybody else, and there is a general chorus of felicitations. The next item in the programme is the wedding breakfast, a simple affair given in the family *appartement* to the members of the family only. If the father lives in Paris, and his purse will admit of the carriages being retained all day, the bridal party drive to the Bois de Boulogne or Vincennes to pass the afternoon, but this time the young couple are not separated, and mamma has to hand her daughter over for the first *tête-à-tête* with Adolphe. It is awful to think of, but she has to bear it. The most festive part of the day's proceedings comes in the shape of a dinner and ball at a great restaurant. To this entertainment acquaintances to the number of a hundred or two are frequently invited. Of course, in the case of a bride taken from a home large enough to admit of it, this takes place in her parents' rooms. At midnight, when all are engaged in the whirl of a waltz, Fifine is discreetly led away from the ball-room by her mother and an old lady of standing of the family, but not before the bridegroom has had a whispered intimation of her departure from the lips of the lady who is now signed and sealed his mother-in-law.

This last part of the comedy is the most solemn of all. Arrived in the home which is to be her daughter's abode henceforth, of course the dear soul cannot help feeling moved once more, and this time terribly. The process of the morning's toilet is reversed to the same accompaniment of tears and embraces. The honor of taking off the garter is claimed by the old lady (generally an aunt of the bride). Adolphe, punctual to the whispered rendezvous given him in the ball-room, arrives, and it is mamma who comes to open the door to him. This scene may be more easily imagined than described. The moment is awful for all concerned. The poor mother throws herself into her son-in-law's arms, and, with all the fervor of her heart, exhorts him to take care of the treasure she has handed over to him, and make her life a bed of roses. And—she goes.

Now there is something to be said in favor of all these proceedings; they enable matrimonial life to begin with courtship.

However this may be, Adolphe and Fifine are happy at last, and now we will take leave of them and wish them long happiness and prosperity.

BAR HARBOR.

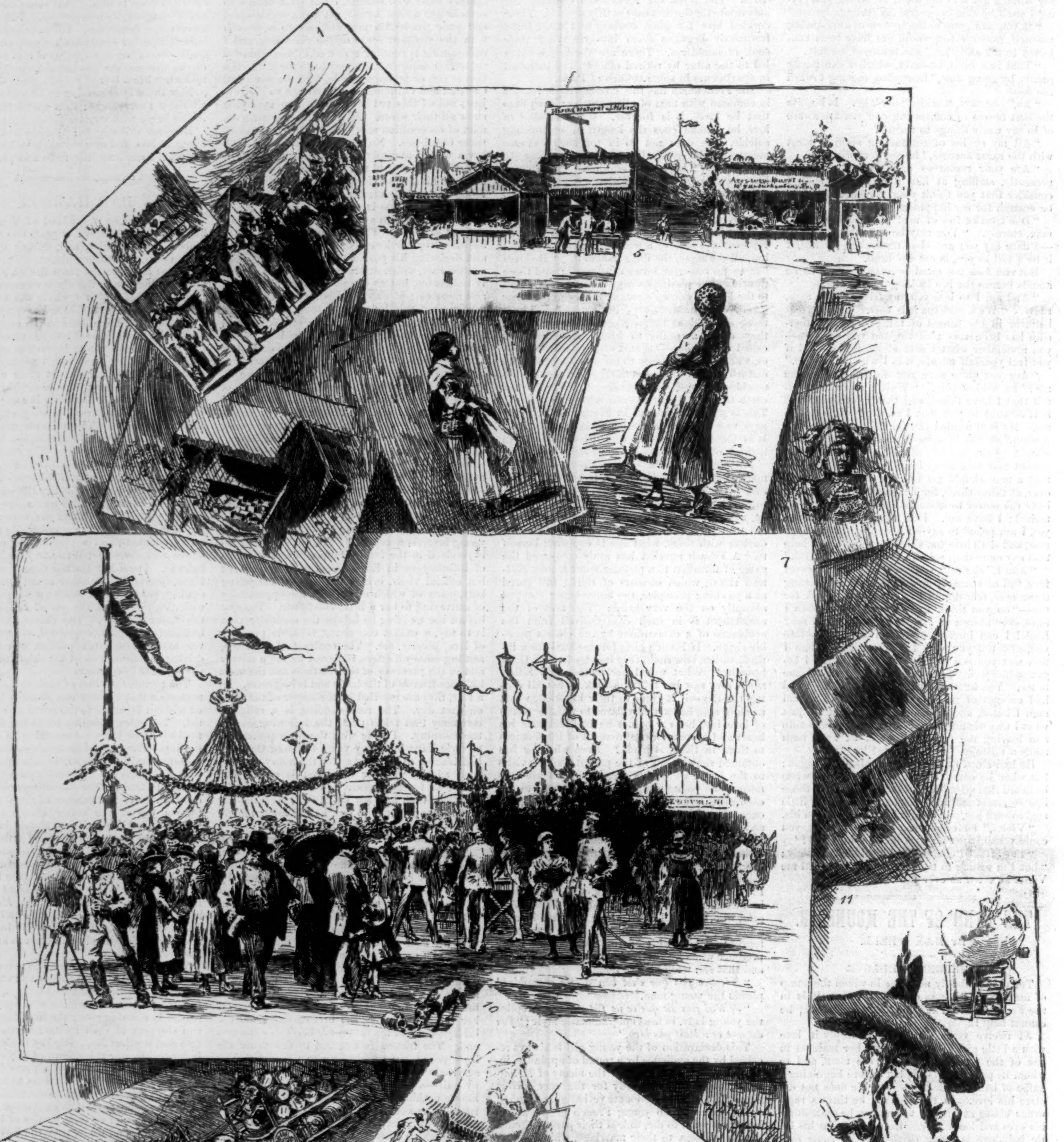
Bar Harbor, on the island of Mount Desert, has become in the last few years one of the best known, most popular, and, during the season, most crowded watering-places of the country. Its dozen large hotels, from Rodick's down, are crowded throughout the whole summer. Its cottages, or villas, which encircle the town, represent the best society of New York, Newport, and Philadelphia. From June to the middle of September its streets and drives are thronged by the gayly dressed migratory butterflies of the world of fashion, airing their silken wings in the cool sunshine of the Maine coast after comparative inactivity during the winter of the big cities.

The popularity of the place is due primarily to its climate, which is cool, bracing, and never unpleasantly warm. The picturesqueness of the coast, the next great attraction, has long been a subject of song and story. The landscapes and seascapes are numberless and quaintly varied. The Porcupines, a group of islands on the north-east side, have been washed by the sea into many novel nooks along their rocky shore lines. On one side of Mount Desert the ocean stretches, grand in all lights; on the other side are islands, rocky channels, and a picturesque combination of sea and shore that William Black would delight in. From Bar Harbor the drives to Great Head, Otter Cliffs, or other notable spots on the sea line, pass through dense woods heavily grown with firs, pines, and the varied arborescence of the Maine country. The drives, through their loneliness and picturesqueness, are greatly in favor among horseback parties, and riding and driving constitute two of the chief recreations of the summer inhabitants.

The picturesque bits of rock and shore are so numerous that the few can scarcely be mentioned without injustice to the many which are omitted. The enterprising visitor to Bar Harbor, particularly if he have a companion of the gentler sex if possible to aid him in his explorations, can discover for himself a whole catalogue of nooks, each well worthy of the artist's pencil, and all unknown to fame. The sketches surrounding the central view in this number of the Weekly illustrate a few of the better known of the subsidiary attractions. If one should industriously endeavor to visit every place of artistic interest in and about Mount Desert, he would find at the end of the season that while he had enjoyed a long list of charming excursions, the list was not half completed. It is a very pleasant life. Mrs. Burton Harrison, in her book *Bar Harbor Days* has very cleverly caught the color and the atmosphere of it, and written a quaint little volume which appeals with close interest to any one who has ever been there.

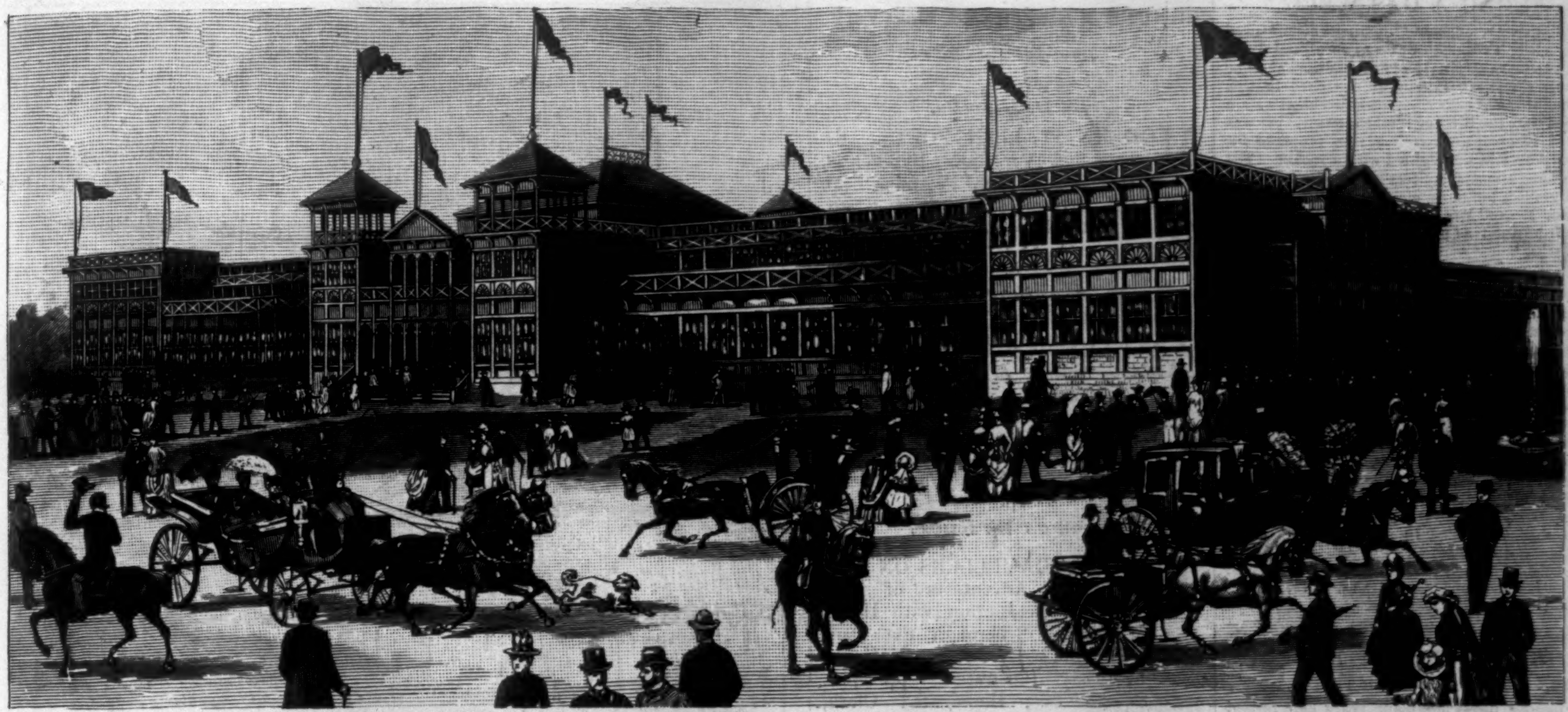
The bay throughout the season is crowded with yachts. There are sail-yachts and steam-yachts in quantity, representing that large and luxurious family of summer mariners who spend the hot season in coasting along the New England shore and stopping at each inviting haven as long as they find it attractive. The bay is also frequently favored by war ships, both of this country and others, and the presence of a man-of-war in the bay lends an invariable impetus to social entertainments large and small. Entertaining is general. The cottagers vie with each other all summer in afternoon and evening parties of all the varieties known, and these, with the formal calling, make the social burden almost as heavy as in town. This state of affairs is quite a departure from the methods of the Bar Harbor of ten years ago, as informality and flannel dresses then held supreme sway. The change is not altogether enjoyed by the early summer settlers.

Sailing, rowing, and canoeing are very generally pursued. The canoe is the most popular means of aqueous transportation. It will turn with even greater certainty than the worm if incautiously trodden upon, and the ability to navigate a canoe, and above all to paddle your inamorata about with you, is a degree of distinction which cannot be too highly estimated among timorous landlubbers. The canoe trip is the natural outgrowth of the moonlight ramble along the cliff, or of "rocking" excursions along shore, and any youthful hearts which can withstand the softening influences of all of these are either torpid in action, or galvanized India-rubber in material. Canoeing is the most charming of sports. As Mrs. Harrisons says: "I have heard people say this motion of a canoe over a sea of glass at moonrise at Mount Desert is like nothing that ever was on sea or land, and I endorse them. Skimming the water as a sea-gull skims it, resting in exquisite indolence upon a deer-skin in the bottom, hearing the paddle dip with rhythmic regularity, breathing the mingled salt and balm of the transparent air, seeing the moon rise, her silver track crossed and recrossed by silhouettes of silent voyagers like us, higher and higher, till the dark mountain-sides are flooded with her light. Is it a wonder that the canoeist amid such surroundings is content to bid farewell to prudence, remonstrance, memory? He is, which is enough."

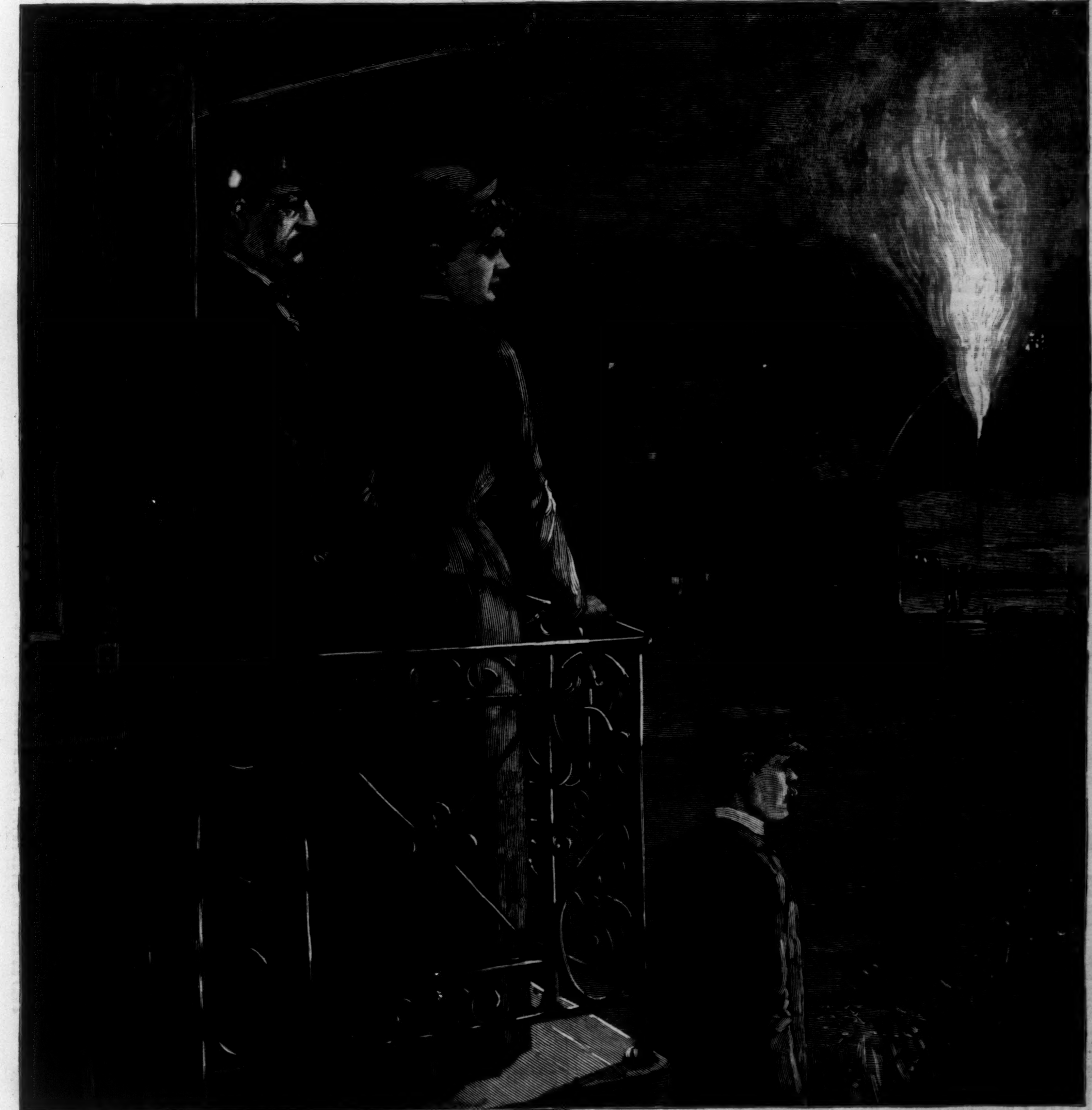


THE OCTOBER FEST, MUNICH, BAVARIA.—[SEE PAGE 743.]

1. At the Shooting Galleries. 2. Fish and Sausage Venders. 3. A Cigar Stand. 4, 5, and 6.—Peasant Characters. 7. Assembly Grounds. 8. Munich's Adopted Bacchus. 9. Broiling Fish. 10. The Merry-go-round. 11. A Tyrolese Character.



THE PIEDMONT EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—After a Sketch by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 743.]



THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY—THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND VIEWING THE ILLUMINATION OF THE BRICKER NATURAL GAS WELL.—[See Page 750.]

FIRING A GAS WELL.

Of the very remarkable illuminations prepared for greeting President Cleveland at the West none was more original and striking than the one at Grapeville, near Pittsburgh, sketched in this number of the Weekly. As the President's train stopped near the Bricker Well the natural gas was allowed to escape through a pipe prepared for the purpose, and was lighted with a rocket. The flame shot about forty feet above the tall pipe, and a grayish luminous cloud stretched on a level beyond. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland viewed the novel sight from the rear platform of their train.

A SUDDEN SENSATION

Of chilliness invading the backbone, followed by hot flushes and profuse perspiration. We all know these symptoms, if not by experience, from report. What's the best thing on the programme? Quinine? A dangerous remedy, truly. Produces caries of the bones, only affords temporary relief. Is there no substitute? Assuredly, a potent but safe one—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a certain, speedy means of expelling from the system every trace of the virus of miasma. Use it promptly, persistently. The result—a cure is certain to follow the use of this beneficent restorative of health. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, nervous ailments, rheumatism, and inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, are also among the maladies permanently remediable through the genial aid of this wholesome botanic medicine, recommended by the medical fraternity.—[*Adv.*]

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To such travelled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. *But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.*

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with *indigestion or any bilious or liver trouble* should bear in mind "Cockle's Anti-Bilious Pills," and should *ask for them* of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. James Cockle & Co., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.—[*Adv.*]

If you make it a rule to flavor all your cold drinks with ten or fifteen drops of Angostura Bitters, you will keep free from Malaria and Summer Diseases, and have your digestive organs in good order. But be sure you get the genuine article manufactured only by J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

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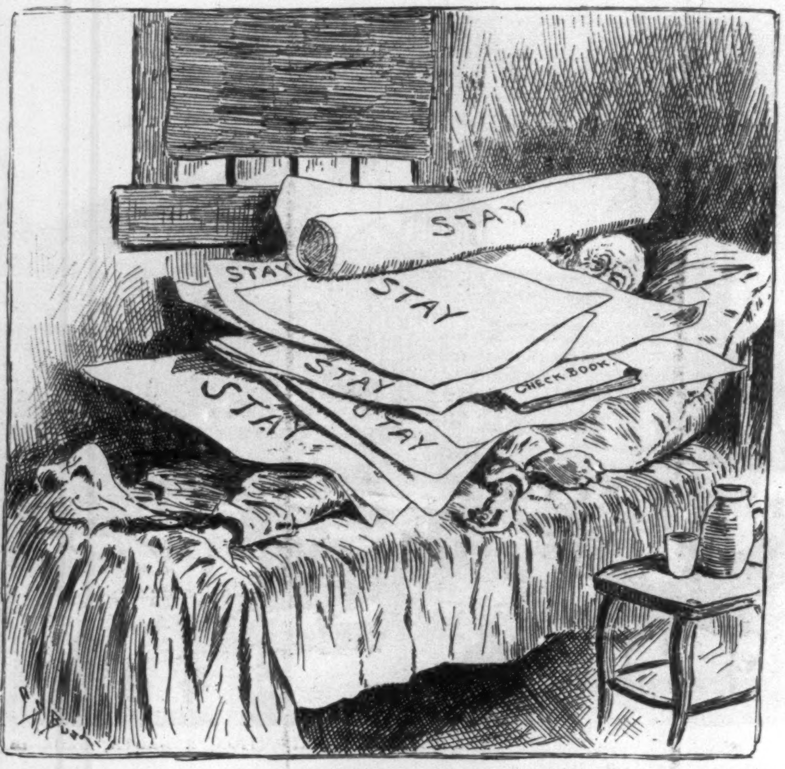

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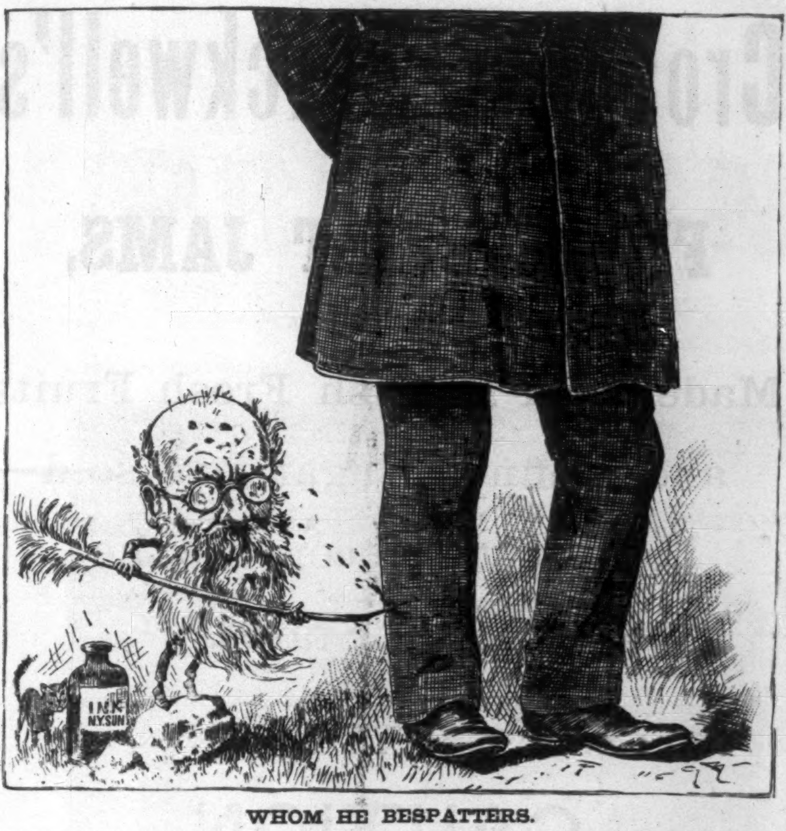

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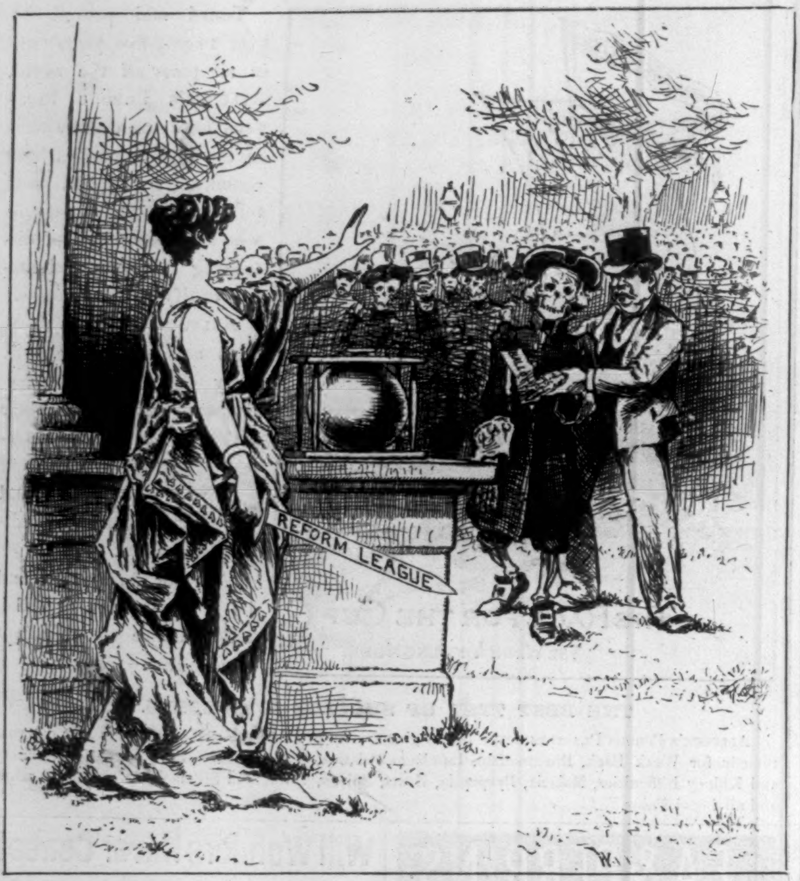

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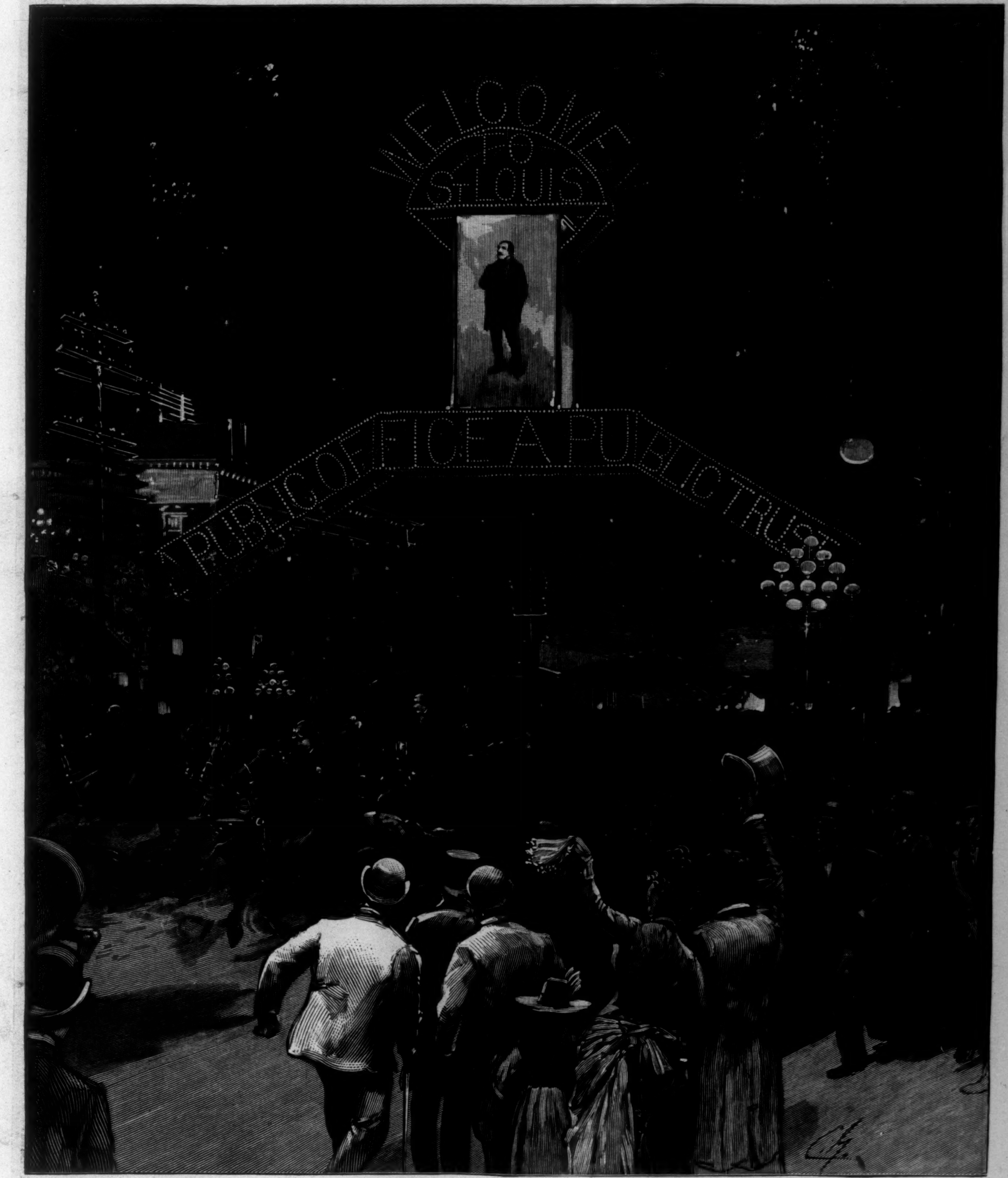
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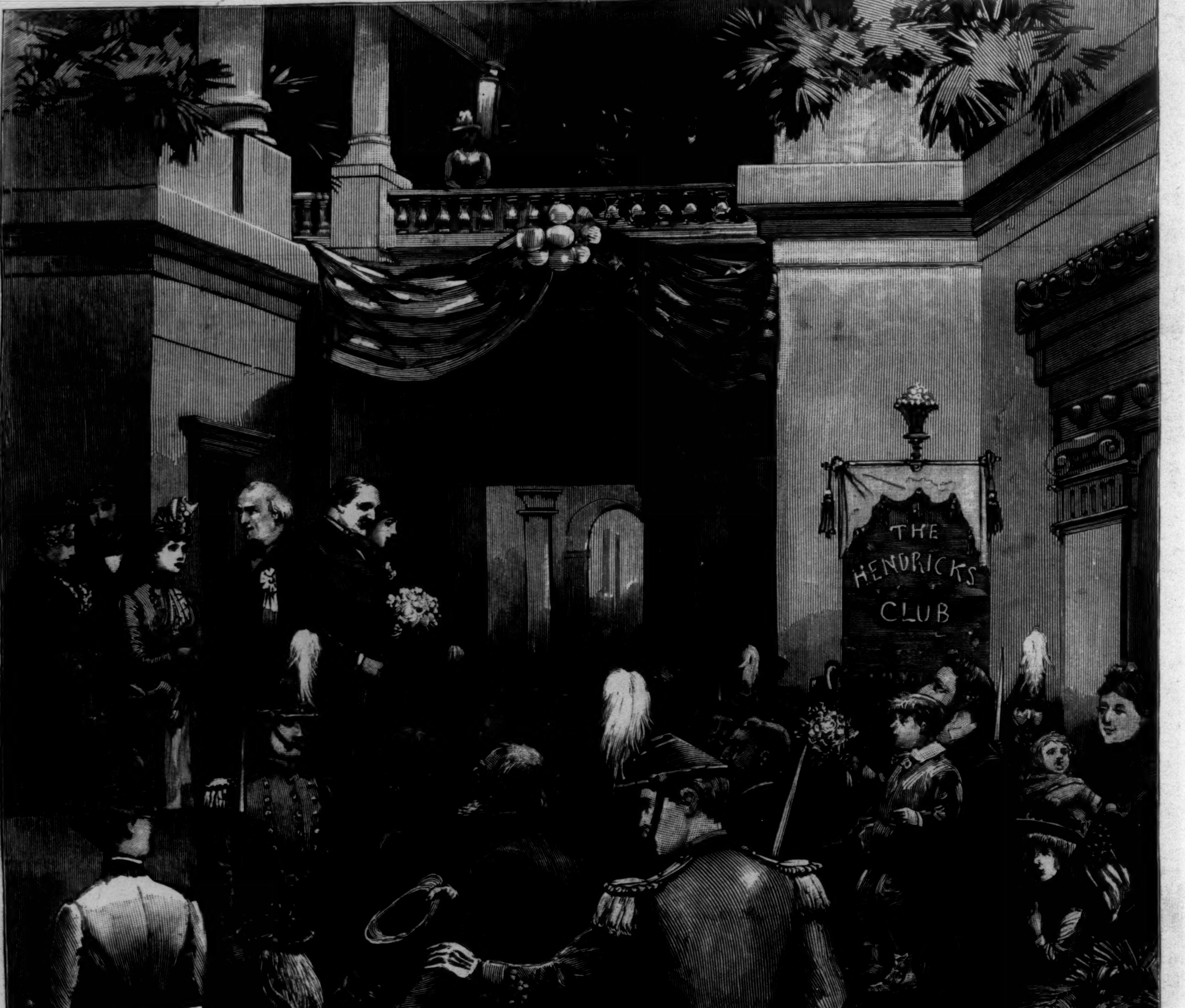
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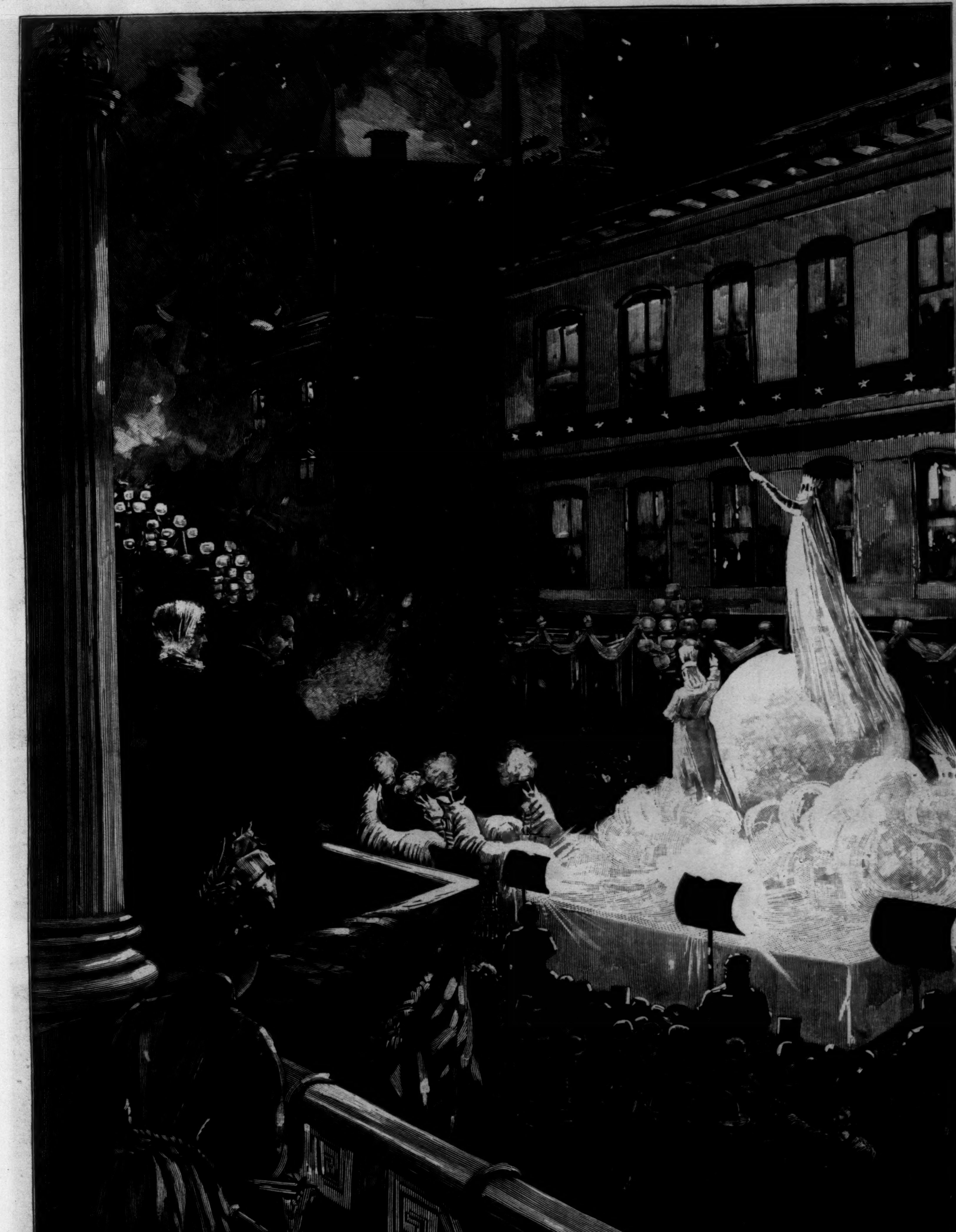

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